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LITERATURE.

[No. XIII. of the Sketches of Contemporary Authors—Mr. JAMES MILL—will be given in our next.]

ON UNIVERSITIES.

WHEN a people have begun to regard literature and science as important benefits, they will, at the same time, begin to consider it a duty, in their character both of citizens and parents, to examine existing modes of education, and supply what they find deficient in present institutions, by the establishment of others on more popular principles. They will not be content to see the great and the opulent provided for in the ancient seminaries of science; they will acknowledge no prescriptive right in these ranks to the instructions of the most enlightened scholars of the day; they will listen to no opinion on the incompatibility of literature and business, of mental improvement and professional industry; and the consequence is, that they will usually determine on some plan adapted to diffuse the much-desired benefits of education through every portion of the community. Public libraries, book-clubs, and debating societies, are the first inventions of the rising spirit of inquiry; the next are the publication of standard works on literature and science, in cheap and popular forms; the simplifying of the abstruser departments of learning, in order to engage the attention of a wider class of students, and the attempt to bring the classical languages, hitherto considered as the peculiar property of the learned, within the ordinary range of general education. Hence the multiplied editions of works in numbers; the introductions and grammars every day poured from the press; the newly-invented interrogative systems, and Hamiltonian methods of teaching languages. All these are intimations of the eager desire existing in the public mind of seeing knowledge universally diffused, and of having such facilities offered for its attainment as may render it the common possession, as well as common property, of the public. In countries that want either wealth, or the strong and vigorous public feeling that draws and cements large bodies of men together, the people will be obliged to remain contented with the helps they are able to obtain from the occasional improvements that are made in the institutions already established, or from such inventions as we have been mentioning; but, in a nation circumstanced like our own, and in which no strong desire after improvement can long exist without producing a change of one kind or the other, it is almost a necessary consequence of such a state of things, that a plan should be organised, insuring these benefits of knowledge to the people not only of this, but of future times. When the desire merely exists, or is only founded on the awakened intelligence of the public, it may soon possibly be worn out, or be restricted to a few narrow efforts after improvement; but when it has a better and more durable foundation on which to work: not the theories of speculatists and philosophers only to support, and carry its designs into execution, but the large resources which the wealth of the country, and the well-skilled spirit of a commercial people, supply; it is then to be expected, from these uniting causes—the active intellectuality of the community, and the means which riches present for carrying its wishes into execution—that an establishment will be designed, calculated to

afford the middle ranks those advantages of academical instruction, which had so long been confined, in a great measure, to the higher; and to fix science among them, as an object worthy their constant and unvarying regard. An attentive observer of the state in which the public mind has been during the last few years, by pursuing such a course of reasoning as this, would easily have come to the conclusion, that, long before the century was half spent, an institution would be designed and completed, similar to that which we now see rising before us; that the old Universities, after having so long enjoyed the exclusive right of dispensing knowledge, would have to share it with a new candidate for public patronage; and that, venerable as they are, and useful as has been their career, they would at length be obliged to compete with an establishment possessing capabilities of more extended usefulness, and supporting its claims on professions of an open and sincere devotedness to public advantage.

One of the principal causes, it appears to us, of error respecting Universities, either old or new, is a mistaken idea of their true nature and uses. Instead of being regarded as seminaries of general education, they are often erroneously considered as places where learning and philosophy grow up into the fulness of their stature. The veneration they thus obtain is not the veneration they should aim at, and it is not the veneration they have a right to. The use they have been of is in the protection they have afforded to learning; the usefulness they should aim at, is the diffusion of solid learning and sound moral instruction. We are inclined to think that the old Universities have gradually become less efficient as seminaries of education from forgetting their proper office; and it may not be altogether uninteresting to look a little nearer at a subject of such importance.

When learning was regarded by mankind in general as something to be venerated, rather than made use of as an agent of good to the world at large, it found a safe and happy retreat in the cloister and the schools. It was there nurtured and permitted to flourish, while every thing else belonging to civilised life was annihilated amid the havoc of war, or the cruel spoliation of tyranny; and after-times have to rejoice in the establishment of a system of monachism, which, but for the performance of its stewardship in this respect, would have no virtue to redeem its character, which so much vice and superstition had blackened. It is well known, however, that, during the dark ages, learning had not what may be termed an existence. The men who, from their leisure, privacy, and the protection afforded them under every form of government, might have been continually advancing its interests, sank by degrees into the most frightful and unalleviated ignorance, and all they effected for learning was the protection they gave to the valuable relics of antiquity. It was a happy thing, therefore, for a nation, (and ours was so situated,) when its monarch happened to be a man whose mind was superior to the debased character of his contemporaries, and when his education in a foreign country, not so far sunk in darkness as his own, enabled him to gain a relish for any of the pursuits of literature.

It is usually believed that Oxford owes its foundation to the celebrated Arthur; but, however this be, to the foundation of this University, and that of Cambridge, which took place shortly afterwards, must be ascribed the honour of having preserved

literature through times when its original patrons, the monks, had become unfit for the charge, and when its only protection was found in the zeal with which the schoolmen and their followers pursued sometimes its real and legitimate objects, though, frequently, nothing besides its shadow. To the Universities, therefore, we would have all the honour ascribed which they deserve for being the best and most constant preservers of learning. But it should be carefully considered in what respect they preserved it, and what was the character of the times during which they so successfully executed this most important of their offices, before we decide as to what ought to be their present character, or what are their most important uses. Whoever has made himself acquainted with the literary history of this country, is well aware that learning made no advances for a very long period of time; that it was confined within the trammels of the scholastic or Aristotelian system of logic; that natural science was confined to the fancies of the astrologer, or the speculations of the profounder and more enthusiastic alchemist; and that, though much good was done by thus keeping alive, as it were, the sense of intellectual existence, there was no progress made in the enlargement of knowledge, or the development of the mental faculties. Roger Bacon made advances in physical science, which were so far from being the fruit of academical encouragement, that the success of his studies was regarded by even the learned men of his time as evidence of an illicit communication with the powers of darkness; and it was not till his great namesake, the great reformer of science, the champion who freed it from the fetters which ages of perverted ingenuity had been rivetting round it—that it was not till Lord Bacon, by the power of his mighty intellect, comprehended the great circle of the sciences in its grasp, and demonstrated truth to be one and universal, that learning took any step towards improvement, or bore any signs of becoming a means of great and general benefit to mankind. But no more in this, than in the former instance were the discoveries or improvements made to be traced to the influence of the Universities, or their advancement in the free and unrestrained cultivation of knowledge. They were still confined within the narrow bounds they had set themselves, and would, to all appearance, have continued so to this day, had not the great master of the inductive system of philosophy risen in the world; and given a life and vigour to science hitherto unknown. It is not, therefore, to the Universities we have to look back as the mothers of our most useful branches of learning, or as the originators of those great and enlarged systems of truth to which we owe so much, both of our happiness and our philosophy. We have, it would appear, if we rightly consider the subject, to regard them as the depositories of learning, such as it existed, and such as they found it; to venerate them, as having taught the system which was considered at the time as embracing the truest philosophy; as executing the office of great national preceptors, when learning existed no where else; and as finding employment for active minds, when in no other place besides could be found any thing but the dull and changeless torpor of ignorance, and gross superstition. But we must not regard them as having been the active ministers of truth and knowledge, as having enlarged the boundaries of philosophy, as being the originators of any system of truths that could

make men wiser and happier; or, as containing within their walls springs and fountains of the fresh bright waters, that by their overflowing, give a new verdure to the fields of science, or a more glorious tint to the flowers that adorn its paths. Many changes have of course been continually taking place, both in the plans of instruction, and in the systems taught in these great national seminaries of learning. But they have followed the improvements of the age in these different changes, and not themselves given the impulse to improvement. They have seldom, indeed, been the first to attend to the awakening signal, but have waited till the world has long given its sanction to the new system, whatever it may be, and acted upon its principles; thus leaving us to conclude, with little hazard of mistake, that Universities must, in very few or no instances, be regarded as more than receptacles of the learning of the times, and legalized dispensers of it to the world. The real use and purpose, then, of these establishments, may be explained in few words. In times of great general ignorance; when literature has no national existence; and, from one circumstance or the other, people are prevented from making any advances in intellectual improvement, then Universities are of the most important benefit to a country; preserving it from sinking into utter barbarism, which it in all probability would do, were learning not somewhere preserved in it; and affording opportunities of improvement to the few minds that may be left free from the oppressive darkness, the troubles, or barbarous superstition, of the age. In this respect, Universities must ever be looked upon, by the learned men of every nation, with feelings of deep reverence; and the more the history of literature is studied, the greater will be the value set upon the protection they have afforded it in its worst perils. When, however, we come to consider them as places of education, a variety of circumstances have to be weighed and opposed to each other, before their present claims, in this respect, can be properly adjusted.

REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

HISTORY AND FABLE.

Nimrod; a Discourse on certain Passages of History and Fable. 3 vols. 8vo. Richard Priestley. London, 1828.

THE study of antiquity has a greater number of different branches than any other, but it more than any other requires a union and concentration of talent. Arts, languages, the metaphysics of human history, and the many sciences that belong to social life, must be studied in their different epochs before either their progress can be understood, or the light they afford to illustrate antiquity can be safely followed. The greatest hindrance, however, to the advancement of this study, is not so much the multiplicity of objects which it necessarily embraces, as the different qualities of mind required for its useful and profitable cultivation. The patience of investigation, of comparing and separating contradictory testimonies, and various kinds of proof, is a virtue not often found in conjunction with the deep philosophical spirit which embues every thing it touches with the brighter splendour of truth. In this, as in other sciences, a number of facts may be collected by some men, and arranged and systematized by others, but the result will be incomparably less useful than in studies of a different kind pursued in this manner. The facts of physical science admit of many repeated proofs, and of a clear and definite demonstration. A man who is incapable of proving their existence himself, in order to form a system of nature, has the power of referring to a host of witnesses, and he can, at any time, have objects or effects of a similar kind presented to him. It is very possible, therefore, in a great variety of sciences, that a philosophical mind may reason with perfect safety on principles, to demonstrate which it must continually appeal to the skill of

others; but in antiquarian pursuits, to arrive at any of the grand conclusions of its most important subjects, it is necessary not only to be able to reason on facts that are presented in detail, but to trace them to their sources, and observe their connection with other more remote ones. This cannot be done without the speculator's possessing that full and complete knowledge, which gives him the possession of the whole field of inquiry,—which makes him familiar with all the modes in which history transmits her records, or in which tradition may be aided by the scattered relics of a distant age. His philosophy must be the result of his own intimate acquaintance with circumstantial history; of the feelings which have been growing up during the slow progress of his inquiry, and which have had their confirmation by a thousand little incidents and illustrations which he could only collect for himself, or which would have been of little use to him, if not so collected. Of all antiquarian scholars, he whose province it is to search the historical records of very remote periods, stands most in need of this union of a serious, methodical patience, with a clear but elevated philosophical spirit. Owing to the want of these united qualities, is the greater part of the errors with which antiquarian researches are frequently marred, and their most useful results wasted on frivolous and puerile curiosities, or on some equally useless theory. There is a peculiar temptation to both these errors in the inquiries which are intended to prove the universality of certain governing principles, either in the religion or the political condition of ancient times. The authors who have written on subjects of this nature, frequently present, in their works, a remarkable mixture of sound criticism and acute remark with fantastic supposition. The learned production now before us is of this character. The profound erudition, and the vast and almost unlimited knowledge of classical antiquity which it evinces, together with the curiosity of many of its theories, render it one of the most remarkable publications with which we are acquainted. In the classico-theological, and mystical treatises which it contains, almost every subject is treated of, to which ancient history, in all its multiform branches, makes any allusion. Its most interesting parts, however, are too much mixed up with remote allusions, and erudite arguments, to leave them intelligible to the general reader. The most curious of the passages we find freest from these objections, is the following description of the mighty Babylon:

'Babylon being divided in the middle by the river Euphrates, had on each side of the river an extraordinary structure. On one side of the river stood the regal palace or seraglio, vast and strong, and on the other, the temple of Jupiter Belus, existing, saith Herodotus, yet in my time, and measuring in every direction two stadia, or twelve hundred and fifty feet. In the middle of this temple stood a massy tower, six hundred and twenty-five feet square at the base, and upon this another tower, and another, and another to the number of eight, and upon the last tower stood a great nave. And in that nave a great couch (pulvinar Deorum) and a golden table; but no statue therein; and no man sleeps therein, say the Chaldean priests. Only some woman sleeps there whom the God may chance to like, for the God was said to come there in person. I need scarcely repeat, that this nave or shrine was the hypervorium and chalcidicum. Below there was another nave, where sat a great golden statue of Jove, and in which there was likewise a golden seat and table. In Cyrus's time there was another golden colossus, which Xerxes afterwards removed, and killed the Priest. Outside of the tower there stood two altars; one of gold; and another, of great size, on which victims were slaughtered; for, on the golden one, none but sucking creatures might be killed. The height of the tower was equal to the side of the base, not including, I presume, the nave or ship-shrine at top.

'We have here the account of an eye-witness, who wrote either in, or just after, the reign of Artaxerxes Longimanus, and must be fully credited as to what he saw, and as an honest reporter of whatever he took on trust. But Xerxes, a fanatical zealot of the magic religion, and destroyer of images, had ravaged the

Temple some fifty years before Herodotus went there, and removed the idols. We have, therefore, no reason to doubt the correctness of the information handed to us by Diodorus, (who had access to the writings as well of Chaldeans, as of Greeks, who had spent their lives in those countries, Berosus, Ctesias, Dinon, Abydenus, &c.) that on the highest degree of the tower (where the nave stood) there were formerly three statues of Jove, Juno, and Rhea. True it is, that in the time of Herodotus there were none. But whether or not there were any in the time of Nimrod, (who was not an Hellenist, or a Sabian,) Semiramis, into whose hands the completing of the old Babel devolved, would not have failed to set up the idolatries of Ionism. This temple, abandoned at the dispersion, and long neglected, was restored many ages after by Nebuchadnezzar the Great, an idolator of the Ionian or Sabian sect, whose father revolted from Esaraddon, the son of Sennacherib, and who himself (probably upon the death of that good king) did, in conjunction with Cyaxares, entirely destroy Nineveh and the empire of the Scythians. His works were undoubtedly framed upon principles of idolatry; and what the Persian destroyed, the Greek had undertaken to repair, but the number of his days, and of the days of Babylon, were full, and he died before he could set his hand to it. His successors abandoned the city, and built Seleucia out of its materials.

'The temple of Jupiter Belus was in the middle of the town, and, by consequence, near the river Euphrates, and opposite to it stood the palace. Herodotus, an eye-witness of what Babylon contained, about four centuries before Diodorus Siculus was born, knew nothing of any other palace existing, or having existed. But Diodorus mentions two palaces built by Semiramis on the two opposite sides of the river, and at the two extremities of the bridge, of which the one upon the western bank had an entire circumference of sixty stadia, or 12,500 yards, and two interior enclosures; and the other, upon the eastern bank, was of thirty stadia, or 6250 yards in total circumference. "And then," he adds, "μετα ταυτα, there was in the middle of the city the temple of Jupiter, whom the Babylonians call Belus. But, as historians differ concerning this, and as it now fallen down by time, I can say nothing accurate concerning it. It is agreed, however, that it was of excessive height, and was used by the Chaldees to watch the stars." Now, as it is an impossible thing for Herodotus to have overlooked this enormous palace, right over against the still greater one, and as its situation agrees with that of the temple of Belus, as described by Herodotus, who saw it standing, and as Diodorus declares his own ignorance of what concerns the said temple, and says that it was then no longer standing, it seems to me as certain, as any thing of the sort can possibly be, that the eastern palace mentioned by Diodorus is the temple of Jupiter Belus; or, to speak with equal correctness, and more conformably with his language on the subject, that the king had two palaces, the one for purposes of civil state, and to lodge his retinue, and the other as hierarch of the world, of which the courts and chambers were dedicated to the uses of religion and its ministers, and the penetralia or central part whereof was, properly, the Temple of Jove:

'Apparet domus intus, et atria longa patescunt,
Apparet Priami et veterum penetralia regum.

'Ædibus in mediis, nudoque sub ætheris axe,
Ingens ara fuit, iuxtaque veterima laurus
Incumbens aræ, atque umbrâ complexa Penates.

'These lines describe the altar of Jupiter Hercæus at the Pergamus of a city called Ilion, and in the middle of a palace belonging to the old king of it. The royal residence of Pelops corresponds exactly with that of Priam. In the Acropolis, in arce summa, there was a vast palace, immane tectum, adorned with gold, and various marbles, and divided into many passages and chambers; and in the centre of that palace there was the *penetrale regni*, containing a sacred tree, a fountain, and a geomantic oracle. I shall presently have occasion to cite the whole description of that place. Diodorus himself observes, that the principal difference between the palace on the east of the Euphrates, and that on the west, was, that the former had "a brazen statue of Jove, whom the Babylonians call Belus." In observing upon a passage in the romancing history of Alexander, by Æsopus, we have already taken notice that the "Deorum domus," into which Alexander penetrated, and where he conversed with the spirit of Nimrod, was a part of the "Samiramidis regia;" and so also was the chalcidicum representing Heaven. The square city of Gemesched is described, in eastern tradition, as having two conspicuous structures—the tower, and one other, called a palace—not three.

'This being so, the Seraglio Palace and the Temple Palace were united together in two ways, the one apparent, and the other occult, but constituting together a somewhat stupendous work. The first, was a bridge thrown across the river Euphrates to connect them, supported by strong piers, which were only twelve feet apart, and made in a sort of oval shape, and covered with planks of cedar, cypress, and palm; and the entire length of the bridge (if we may believe it) was five stadia. Strabo fixes the river's breadth at one stadium, and four more seems to be a very liberal allowance for its overflows. The second was of a more surprising nature, and consisted of an arched tunnel of brickwork, fifteen feet wide and twelve high, carried along the bottom of the river, the waters of which had been previously diverted from their bed. This is what Philostratus calls the *incredible bridge* of the Euphrates, *ἡ ἀσπίς τοῦ ποταμοῦ ἡ γέφυρα, τὰ βασιλεῖα τὰ ἐπὶ ταῖς ὄχθαις ἀφανὲς ἐκκατασκευαῖα.*

'Mr. Claudius Rich endeavoured to throw contempt upon this statement, saying, "we have only the very questionable authority of Ctesias for the wonderful tunnel under the river," but he was bound to take notice, that Herodotus records the diverting of the course of the river, in order to make the bridge nearly in the same terms as Ctesias does; and when once that enormous labour was achieved, there remained no difficulty, and no insuperable amount of labour, to construct a covered way across its dry bed. If that was wonderful in Mr. Rich's estimation, his sense of admiration was strangely acute; but if he meant, that the really wonderful exertion, the getting at the dry bed of the Euphrates, rested upon the words of Ctesias alone, it is quite an unfounded assertion. Ctesias, I should add, by way of explanation, is the author from whom Diodorus seems to have obtained his information upon this subject.

'The plan which Nimrod laid out for the city which was the beginning of his kingdom, and which the woman (spiritually called Semiramis, or the Dove of the Mountain,) continued after his departure, was not completed in those very ancient times, because the Lord interposed to dissolve the bands which united mankind in one confederacy, and "scattered them abroad upon the face of all the earth, and they left off to build the city." But, as far as we can judge from history, the design of the founders was accomplished under Nebuchadnezzar the Great.—Pp. 231—236.

This curious work, of the style of which some idea may be formed from the foregoing extract, is divided into chapters, in each of which either some great period of history is examined, the origin of important changes pointed out, or the mystical allusions of remarkable circumstances and character explained. For the learned inquirer, it is rich in most curious and interesting matter; and the general reader who has resolution to approach a work, nearly every page of which is spread with of Greek quotation, will find enough of remarkable and intelligible information to justify his attempt at separating it from the less obviously useful portions.

MEMOIRS OF THE DUKE OF ROVIGO.

Memoirs of the Duke of Rovigo, (M. Savary,) written by Himself, illustrative of the History of the Emperor Napoleon. Vol. i., Parts 1 and 2. Colburn. London, 1828.

At no period of modern history, nor in any one country, has there appeared at once, on the public scene, so great a number of statesmen and military commanders of eminent ability as France presented to us in the first years of the Revolution. That turbulent period, which the Royalists stigmatised with the terms of 'convulsion and anarchy,' witnessed the revival of public spirit in the hearts of Frenchmen, and the sentiments of national glory spread with rapidity in every direction throughout the country, while, in the presence of the dangers presented by the invasion of confederated Europe, in the midst of disorder and civil war, the purest patriotism was displayed, and the most justly acquired renown was the consequence of these patriotic efforts. Hardly can the previous fourteen centuries of the French monarchy supply history with a few half-dozen of superior men whose names are worth recording, and whom so extensive a state would justly boast of, while six years only of the Republic have been

sufficient to bring prodigies to light, to which future times will, perhaps, refuse credit. But as it is liberty that creates great nations, so it produces great men; and the history of every age has proved that it is from the plebeian class, left untouched by the corruption and intrigues of courts and the somnolency of riches, much rather than from the castes of nobility, (that rotten trunk of parasite plants,) that in the day of danger come forth the great Ministers, the able Generals, and the powerful Statesmen, to whom is referred the glory of governing, defending, and saving their respective countries. The people are much less apt to mistake the proper object of their choice than Kings are, and a man of real merit is almost as rare in the councils of Kings, as a fool at the head of a Republican Government. This sentiment of Rousseau, to which Machiavel had undoubtedly first given birth, when he observed, that the Roman Emperors that came to the throne by hereditary right were all bad characters, except Titus, while those who were advanced to it by adoption (a species of election) were all excellent Sovereigns; as, for instance, Nerva, Trajan, Adrian, Antoninus, and Marcus Aurelius;—this sentiment, we may observe, has received a new sanction from the French revolution, of which the work that we have now before us, furnishes us with the last episode; that revolution that was ascribed to the plebeian class, but was not really its work, as Louis XIV., in short, was its first author; that revolution which the depravity of the Noblesse, the Ministers, the Court favourites, and the concubines, had rendered inevitable, and in which the plebeian class took no actual share, till the Clergy, by their avarice, and the Nobility, by their baseness, having driven all France into insurrection, invited the Foreign powers against the *tiers-état*, and compelled the population to rise in a mass in their own defence.

It was during that period, when the Noblesse and the Priests, the first promoters of the revolution, had basely gone over to the foreigners, instead of lending their assistance to extinguish the flames that they had kindled, that plebeian France arose, and that from the ranks of that order, issued forth the new men, without a name, without titles, or exclusive privileges, but who astonished Europe by their valour, their eloquence, and above all, by their patriotism. It was then, first, that two men of humble birth, Barnave and Vergniaud, appeared at the tribune, and disputed with Mirabaud the palm of eloquence; it was then that truly patriotic Ministers appeared,—the plebeian Roland, Carnot, the son of an obscure lawyer, Merlin, from the class of the peasantry, Gohier, Servan, and Lambrecht, who, bidding defiance to the dangers attendant on their state, with an astonishing intrepidity, afforded the most striking proofs of probity and disinterestedness towards their country, which was frequently ungrateful and unjust towards them. It was then that General Kellerman, who issued from the humble classes, saved France at Valmy, that General Jourdain, originally a serjeant, gained the battle of Fleuris, that Pichegru, another serjeant under the *ancien regime*, that Moreau, the son of a tradesman at Morbihan, led forward in the career of victory the republican troops; among whom Brune, a corrector of the press, Lannes, the son of a dyer at Lectourre, Soult, a native of the peasantry, Murat, the son of a petty publican, Berthier, the son of a porter at the War Office; the builder Kleber, and the stable-boy Hoche; the drummer Victor, now Duke of Belluno; Massena, Ney, Mortier, Bessieres, Moncey, Lefebvre, Gouvion-Saint-Cyr, all born in the lower classes, (all, with the exceptions of Kleber and Hoche,) afterwards Marshals of France, had already acquired renown and celebrity, driving from the frontiers the enemies of their native land.

We discover these renowned personages in the Memoirs of the Duke of Rovigo, while they were yet republican warriors and upright states-

men, when, at the commencement of their career—

Ces rubans, ces cordons, ces chaînes dorées,
Des esclaves des rois trop pompeuses livrées,
Had not as yet enervated their hearts, and corrupted their patriotism; and we behold them again, when a despot chained them to his car of victory, and converted them into the vile instruments of his ambition.

As Savary became a creature of Napoleon's, we must naturally expect that he would become the apologist of the man of the 18th Brumaire, and the defender of the apostasy of his companions in arms. He fulfils this task *con amore*, and proves to us, by his own example, as well as by the details into which he enters on the secret causes of the principal events that have occurred under the imperial Government, that despotism corrupts every thing that it touches, and that its poisonous breath tarnishes the glory, and degrades the virtue of the same souls that had been purified, inspired, and elevated by the love of liberty:

Sous les lois des tyrans tout gémit, tout s'attriste.
The republic of France, had produced great citizens, but the imperial system transformed them into mere valets.

It is not in the production of the Duke of Rovigo that we would naturally wish to read the history of the last thirty years of the French Revolution. Like every one else who has written on that epoch, and on the man who is the hero of it, he is full of prejudice and passion. As he was a principal actor in the scene which he describes, he cannot prevail on himself to distribute, with equal justice and with equal frankness, both censure and blame: all the errors and all the censures are attached to the enemies of his own party,—all the glorious actions, and all the excuses, are reserved for his master, and for those who embraced his ambitious system of politics, when carried to the most fatal extremes. Were we to follow the Duke of Rovigo through the course of his Memoirs, we should be compelled to engage in a refutation of his statements and sentiments, which would lead us into an endless digression and deviation from our path. We shall, therefore, confine ourselves to the disclosure of some anecdotes which they contain; and thus they will contribute to the amusement of our readers. We shall next explain how this quondam Minister of Police, under Napoleon, relates the death of Pichegru, and that of Captain Wright. We must add, that he apologises for his Master's assassination of the Duc d'Enghein, and that will be sufficient to enable us to estimate the spirit with which the work now before us has been written and sent forth:

Death of General Pichegru.

'I have said that Pichegru was just dead: his death has given rise to so many reports, equally stupid and calumnious, that it needs some explanation. What I know about it is this:

'Pichegru, after his apprehension, had been closely confined in one of the ground-floor rooms in the tower of the Temple. His examination was deferred a few days, in order to gain time to collect the materials for his interrogatory; and this delay proved fatal to the Duc d'Enghein.

'Pichegru was separated from George merely by a small room, which was the common ante-chamber to their abode.

'The keeper of the Temple had the key to their rooms; and to prevent their communicating to each other the questions put to them severally, by the *juge-instructeur*, this same judge had directed a sentinel to be placed in this ante-chamber, where, by means of a little noise, any conversation which they might have attempted to keep up, could be rendered ineffectual. Both were sent for, several times a day, to be confronted; that is to say, whenever they were implicated by a fresh disposition of the accused, or of witnesses.

* We must except, however, Barnave, Vergniaud, Roland, Servan, Kleber, who perished before the establishment of the imperial system. Carnot, Lambrecht, and Jourdain, who still maintained republican principles, were always out of favour with Napoleon.

George had doubtless made up his mind respecting the issue of the proceedings; but General Pichegru, with different preceding circumstances, probably felt himself in a different predicament. Every time that he was sent for into court, he perceived that his situation grew worse, and that an abyss was opening before him at every step, and he could not help changing countenance.

He had perhaps flattered himself that, in the judicial investigation of this affair, it might not be possible to obtain sufficient proofs of his participation in a crime, against which the public opinion of all France revolted *en masse*; but he must soon have been convinced that it would be impracticable for him to touch the sensibility of even the most generous hearts; and that, moreover, his presence before a criminal court, as a co-operator in George's project, would carry back the conviction of his guilt to the circumstance in which Moreau had denounced him to the Directory (in 1796 or 1797), after the latter had caused him to be transported to Cayenne; and that he would thus lose even the interest which some of his assembled friends had manifested for him at that period of his career.

I presume that this afflicting consideration, continually present to his mind beneath the vault of his prison, powerfully influenced his determination to put an end to his life.

General Pichegru was naturally gay, and fond of the pleasures of the table, but the horrors of his situation had altered him. He had sent to request M. Real to come and see him; and after the conversation which he had with him, he begged that he would send him some books, and among others, Seneca.

Some days afterwards, being at the Tuileries, about eight o'clock in the morning, I received a note from the officer of the gendarmerie d'élite, who that day commanded the guard posted at the Temple. He informed me that General Pichegru had just been found dead in his bed; and that this had occasioned a great bustle in the Temple, where they were expecting some one from the police, to which intelligence of the circumstance had been sent.

This officer communicated the fact to me, as well on account of its singularity, as because I had made it a rule in the corps which I commanded, that all the officers employed in any duty whatever should give me an account of what they had done, seen, or heard, during the twenty-four hours. I forwarded this note to the First Consul: he sent for me, supposing that I had further particulars; but, as I had none, he sent me to make inquiries, saying, "This is a pretty end for the conqueror of Holland!"

I arrived at the Temple at the same time as M. Real, who came on behalf of the grand-judge to learn the particulars of this event. I went with M. Real, the keeper and the surgeon of the prison, straight to General Pichegru's room; and I knew him again very well, though his face was turned of a crimson colour, from the effect of the apoplexy with which he had been struck.

His room was on the ground-floor, and the head of his bed was against the window, so that the seat served to set his light upon for the purpose of reading in bed. On the outside there was a sentinel placed under this window, through which he might easily, upon occasion, see all that was passing in the room.

General Pichegru was lying on his right side; he had put round his neck his own black silk cravat, which he had previously twisted like a small rope: this must have occupied him so long as to afford time for reflection, had he not been resolutely bent on self-destruction. He appeared to have tied his cravat, thus twisted, about his neck, and to have at first drawn it as tight as he could bear it, then to have taken a piece of wood, of the length of a finger, which he had broken from a branch that yet lay in the middle of the room (part of a faggot, the relics of which were still in his fire-place): this he must have slipped between his neck and his cravat, on the right side, and turned round till the moment that reason forsook him. His head had fallen back on the pillow and compressed the little bit of stick, which had prevented the cravat from untwisting. In this situation apoplexy could not fail to supervene. His hand was still under his head, and almost touched this little tourniquet.

On the night-table was a book open and with its back upward, as if laid down for a moment by one who had been interrupted while reading. M. Real found this book to be the Seneca which he had sent to him; and he remarked that it was open at that passage where Seneca says, that *the man who is determined to conspire ought above all things not to fear death*. This was probably the last thing read by General Pichegru,

who, having placed himself in a situation to lose his life on the scaffold, or under the necessity of having recourse to the clemency of the First Consul, had preferred dying by his own hand.

While I was at the Temple, I questioned the gendarme who had passed the night in the antechamber which separated George from Pichegru: he told me that he had heard nothing all night, except that General Pichegru had coughed a good deal from eleven to twelve o'clock; that, not being able to get into his room because the keeper had the key, he was unwilling to rouse the whole tower on account of that cough. The gendarme was himself locked up in this antechamber; and had any thing occurred to oblige him to give the alarm, it was by the window that he was to apprise the sentinel who was at the door of the tower; the sentinel was to give notice to the post, and the latter to the keeper.

I questioned also the gendarme who had been on duty under the window of General Pichegru from ten o'clock till twelve, and he had heard nothing.

M. Real then said to me, "Well, though nothing was ever more clearly proved than this suicide, yet, in spite of all we can do, it will be said that, because he could not be convicted, he has been strangled." For this reason, the grand-judge determined from that moment to have a guard without arms placed in the room of each of the persons implicated in George's business, to prevent any attempt on their own lives: of course no such thing was ever thought of as to take them away by secret executions. Party spirit, which always welcomes whatever is likely to be prejudicial to power, publicly circulated a report that Pichegru was strangled by gendarmes. This opinion obtained to such a degree, that a high functionary, a friend of mine, mentioned it several years afterwards as a fact of which he had not the least doubt; and notwithstanding all I could say to convince him of the contrary, I am not sure that I succeeded. For the rest, it was not from a carping disposition that he had adopted this opinion: he had heard it repeated so often, that he at length believed it.

It would have argued an absolute want of sound sense to employ for such an office subordinate persons, who would have divulged this crime on the first occasion of discontent, or who would every day have set a fresh price on their silence.

There was no necessity to destroy Pichegru; his presence was even requisite for the instruction of the process. Besides, having come to France with George, he was inseparable from him before justice, which would not have failed to condemn him, in spite of the talents of the ablest advocate; but I cannot think that the First Consul would have suffered him to perish: of this I need no other proof than the pardon which he granted to those who were condemned to death in this affair, and who had nothing to recommend them to the public opinion, as was the case with the conqueror of Holland. Besides, Pichegru, condemned in a criminal court before the face of the world, could no longer prove dangerous, and would have been worthy of pity alone.

Nomination of Napoleon to the Institute—Portrait of Talleyrand—Anecdote of Madame de Stael.

General Bonaparte having been elected member of the Institute, was received by M. Chénier, and his reception took place at night, in the hall of the Louvre, where the Institute then held its sittings. That hall is on the ground-floor: there is before it a balcony or large wooden tribune, worked in the old style. The body of Henry IV. had been deposited here after his assassination. I attended, with General Desaix, at the reception of General Bonaparte. He was in costume, and sitting between Monge and Beethollet: it was, I think, the only occasion on which I saw him in the dress of that learned body. His nomination had all the effect which he expected from it: it placed the newspapers, the literary characters, all the enlightened part of the nation, at his disposal. All felt beholden to him for having added the academic laurels to the palms of victory. As for himself, of plain and retired habits, almost a stranger to the noise which his name made in Paris, he avoided taking any part in business; seldom appeared in public; and only admitted a few generals, learned men, and diplomatic characters, into his intimacy.

M. de Talleyrand was of the number: he was a man of amiable intercourse; had great facility for business; a mind possessed of resources such as I have not discovered in any other man. Clever at frustrating and winding up an intrigue, he had all the art and ability which the times required: he was incessant in his attentions to General Bonaparte, and acted for him

the character of mediator, orator, and master of ceremonies. Yielding to so much zeal, the General accepted his attentions. This mode of proceeding brought on balls and evening parties, where the minister had taken care to bring together the remains of the old nobility.

It was at one of these parties that General Bonaparte saw Madame de Stael for the first time. The hero had always excited a lively interest in that celebrated woman. She attached herself to him, entered into conversation with him, and in the course of their colloquial intercourse, in which she attempted to soar above her height, she suffered a question to escape her which betrayed the ambition nourished in her breast. "Who is the first woman, in your eyes?" she asked him.—"Madam," he replied, "the woman who brings the most children into the world." Madame de Stael was stunned: she expected a totally different answer.—Vol. I., part i., pp. 17—18.

The Young Damsel of Vienna—The Countess.

People have talked a great deal about the decided passion of the Emperor's for women: it was not predominant in him. He loved them, but knew how to respect them; and I have witnessed the delicacy of his intercourse with them, when his long absences placed him in the same case with all the officers of his army.

During his residence at Vienna, between the battle of Austerlitz and the signature of the peace, he had occasion to remark a young female who pleased him. As chance would have it, she had herself taken a particular fancy to the Emperor, and she accepted the proposal made to her to go one evening to the palace of Schönbrunn. She spoke only German and Italian; but as the Emperor himself spoke the latter language, they soon became acquainted. He was astonished to learn from this young woman, that she was the daughter of respectable parents, and that in coming to see him she had been swayed by an admiration which had excited in her heart a sentiment she had never yet known or felt for any person whatever. This, though a rare circumstance, was ascertained to be a fact: the Emperor respected the innocence of the young lady, sent her home, caused arrangements to be made for her settlement in life, and gave her a portion.

He delighted in the conversation of an intelligent woman, and preferred it to every kind of amusement. A few days after the adventure just related, the following occurrence took place.

A French agent, who resided at Vienna, had had occasion to distinguish there a certain Countess, to whom an English ambassador (Lord Paget) was said to have paid particular attentions. There could scarcely be found a more fascinating woman than this Countess, who, at the same time, carried the love of her country to enthusiasm. The agent took it into his head to prevail upon her to go and see the Emperor, by causing it to be insinuated, that the proposal was made by the order of that sovereign himself, who, however, had never harboured such a thought.

An officer of the horse-police of the city of Vienna, who was acquainted with this Countess, was employed to speak to her. She listened to the proposal, which was made to her one morning, with a view to its being carried into effect in the evening; but she could not decide immediately, and required a day for consideration, adding, that she wished to ascertain whether it really was by the Emperor's order that this overture had been made to her.

In the evening, the carriage being in waiting at the appointed place, where the officer was to receive the Countess, and to consign her to the care of another person, who was to accompany her to Schönbrunn, he called upon her: she told him that she had been unable to make up her mind that day, but she pledged her word that she would do so without fail the following day; desiring him to come in the afternoon to be informed of her determination.

The carriage was bespoken for the same hour the next day. The officer, apprehensive of another whim, called the following day, according to appointment, on the fair lady. He found her fully resolved: she had arranged her affairs, as if preparatory to a long journey; and she said, in a decisive manner, addressing him familiarly in the second person, "Thou mayst come and fetch me this evening; I will go and see him; thou mayst rely upon it. Yesterday I had business to settle; now I am ready. If thou art a good Austrian, I will see him. Thou knowst what injury he has done to our country! Well, this evening, I will avenge it; come and fetch me without fail."

Such a confidence startled the officer, who would not incur the responsibility; he afterwards went and communicated the matter, and was rewarded. The

carriage was not sent to the place of rendezvous, and the Countess was spared the opportunity of acquiring a celebrity which would doubtless have blasted her reputation as a lovely woman.

* This adventure took place the day preceding that on which the Emperor set out from Schönbrunn for Paris.

Death of Captain Wright.

* A multitude of depositions had re-echoed the name of the English captain, Wright, and the newspapers had talked of him in all sorts of ways. This captain, who had landed George and his people at the cliff of Biville, had afterwards gone to cruise off the coast of Quiberon. Having had the misfortune to be wrecked on the coast of Morbihan, he was conducted with all his crew to Vannes, where nothing was just then talked of but was passing at Paris. The administration of that department reported the shipwreck, and was ordered to send Captain Wright and all his crew to Paris. They entered the court of the Temple when George and his people were walking there: the English and French officers did not seem to recognise one another; but the English seamen, not supposing there could be any harm in it, frankly accosted some of their acquaintance among George's subalterns.

* Captain Wright was separated from them; and the court proceeded to confront the rest with George's subordinate, which confirmed the rigid truth of the information previously obtained. Wright persisted in declining to answer the question put to him, and said, "Gentlemen, I am an officer in the British navy; I care not what treatment you reserve for me; I shall give no account of the orders which I have received: I know none of these gentlemen."

* From whom, then, could Wright, an officer in the royal navy of England, and moreover commanding a ship of war of that navy, have received orders to take on board George and his people, and to land them on our coast? Is there in England any other authority which issues orders to the navy than the government offices?

* Captain Wright had been thrown upon the coast by shipwreck; instead of making him a prisoner of war, a criminal prosecution might have been instituted against him by the *procureur-général*, on the ground of his being an accomplice in the conspiracy. Regard was nevertheless had to his devotedness and his character; he and his men were brought forward as witnesses, but no proceedings against him personally were commenced.

* This unfortunate man remained in the Temple till 1805, when he died. So many stories have been told concerning his death, that I too was curious to learn the cause of it, when, as minister of police, the sources of information were open to me; and I ascertained that Wright cut his throat in despair, after reading the account of the capitulation of the Austrian general, Mack, at Ulm, that is, while the Emperor was engaged in the campaign of Austerlitz. Can one, in fact, without alike insulting common sense and glory, admit that this sovereign had attached so much importance to the destruction of a scurvy lieutenant of the English navy, as to send from one of his most glorious fields of battle the order for his destruction? It has been added, that it was I who received from him this commission: now, I never quitted him for a single day during the whole campaign, from his departure from Paris till his return. For the rest, the civil administration of France is in possession of all the papers of the ministry of the police, which must furnish all the information that can be desired respecting that event.—Pp. 59-61.

This volume contains only a part of the *Memoirs of the Duke of Rovigo*; he stops shortly after the death of the Duc d'Enghien.

WALSH'S TRAVELS.

Narrative of a Journey from Constantinople to England. By the Rev. R. Walsh, LL.D. M.R.I.A. 8vo. Pp. 416. Frederick Westley and A. H. Davis. London, 1828.

We remember having seen several little treatises by the author of these travels, which were a sufficient guarantee to us, before opening the publication on our table, that we should find it distinguished by a very amiable vein of sentiment, as well as by the interest of its contents. A traveller like Dr. Walsh, in whatever form he chooses to give the result of his observations, is seldom found to fail in affording his readers instruction and amusement. The little volume before us is

compiled from the letters which the author sent to his friends during his absence from England, and, consequently, manifests less of research than probably would have been the case had he set down to a more formal account of his journey. But his work, notwithstanding, is as full of useful information as it is replete with entertainment. Doctor Walsh formed part of Lord Strangford's suite during his Lordship's residence at Constantinople, and the present publication is the result of the observations which the author was enabled to make in the course of his long stay in the Turkish dominions. Fortunately for Doctor Walsh, circumstances occurred which enabled him to extend his observation far beyond the precincts of the capital; and the most valuable portion of his volume consists of the details he has given of the different objects which attracted his attention during his journey into the remote districts of the country: among the passages likely to be read with greatest interest, at present, is the following:—

* As I was now in the centre of the scene of action between the Turks and Russians, in their last sanguinary campaign, perhaps you would think a local sketch of some of the events not uninteresting. In the year 1805 the Turks were in a state of great weakness, under their amiable but feeble monarch, Selim; their provinces in a state of insurrection abroad; their people turbulent and discontented at home; and pressed and harassed by the conflicting and prepotent demands of the great European powers. They had conceded to Russia, by the treaty of Yassi, 1792, an extraordinary right of interfering in the provinces of Wallachia and Moldavia, that their respective Hospodars should be continued in office seven years, and not removable but by the consent of Russia. To this agreement, however, they did not adhere. The then reigning Hospodars were deposed before their time; and when the Russians remonstrated, the Bosphorus was closed against their ships. Taking umbrage at these causes of complaint, General Michelson was despatched with an army of sixty thousand men, who crossed the Niester, took Bender and Chotzim with little resistance, and entered Yassi, the capital of Moldavia. From hence he proceeded to Bucharest, the capital of Wallachia, where he found a Turkish force which had been sent against him by Mustapha Bairactar, the energetic Ayan of Rutschük. These, however, he soon defeated; when his approach was known, the inhabitants rose upon the Turks, attacked them suddenly with all kinds of weapons; and, with the aid of a small advanced guard of the Russians, drove them out of the town, leaving fifteen hundred dead in the streets: he then entered Bucharest, and took entire possession of the three provinces of Bessarabia, Moldavia, and Wallachia; not leaving a Turkish corps or fortress on the north side of the Danube, with the exception of Giurdzio; and he prepared immediately to pass over to the other side.

* A tumultuary army was now hastily collected at Adrianople, of troops from the provinces of Asia, and moved forward with the Janisaries to the Danube; they mutinied, in their march, massacred some of the officers who wished to introduce European discipline among them, and when they at length arrived at the scene of action, were so disorganized, that they effected nothing against the Russians, who remained in almost undisturbed possession of the province, till the year 1810, when the armies on both sides were augmented to two hundred thousand men, and a fierce and sanguinary contest ensued, which, perhaps, never was surpassed.

* The Russians passed the Danube in three places. Their direct progress would have been from Giurdzio to Rutschük; but at this latter place the passage was impracticable, either at the town or near it, as the banks were steep and high, and defended with Turkish batteries. They therefore crossed over above it at Ostrova, near Widdin, and below it at Hirsova and Toutounkay, and laid siege to Rutschük. The town was vigorously defended; and the Russians were repulsed in a desperate attack, in which they lost six thousand men. Kaminsky made also a similar assault on the entrenched camp at Shumla; but here, too, he was driven back with great carnage. The Turks, though unacquainted with regular discipline in the field, make a fierce and sanguinary resistance when attacked behind their ramparts. On these occasions they issued their memorable bulletin—"that they had taken such a number of infidels' heads, that they would serve as a bridge by which

the faithful might pass over to the other world." It is to the vigorous defence of these two places, and the losses sustained before them, and the final failure of the campaign, are generally attributed.

* In the month of September, Kaminsky left Langeron before Rutschük, and with his disposable force suddenly attacked the Turks at Bayne. They defended themselves with desperate valour; but were at length defeated, with the loss of twelve thousand men in killed and wounded; and Rutschük was compelled to surrender, with all the Turkish flotilla lying before it, and Giurdzio on the other side. In order to create a diversion, the Turks now sent a fleet into the Black Sea, and threatened an attack on the Crimea: notwithstanding this, the Russians concentrated their forces in Bulgaria, and the Grand Vizier was obliged to retreat before them, recross the Balcan, and take up a position at Adrianople; leaving, however, the strong and impregnable fortresses of Varna on the sea coast, and Shumla on the ascent of the mountains, well secured at the other side.

* The feeble Selim, and his successor Mustapha, had both been strangled, and Mohammed had been called to the throne, who, even then, displayed the vigour which since has distinguished him. He set up the standard of the prophet at Daud Pasha, a large plain two miles from Constantinople, and issued a Hattä Sherif, that all Mussulmen should rally round it. In this way he assembled, in a short time, a large army; appointed a new Grand Vizier, whom he sent on with the troops; and returned to the city. The new Vizier, Ahmed Aga, was a man of the same energy as the Sultan, and had distinguished himself by his defence of Ibrail. He immediately descended from the mountains, forced the detached corps of Russians in Bulgaria to re-cross the Danube, and made a fierce attack upon Rutschük, defended by the Russian general Kutosov. The Russians, hard pressed, transported the inhabitants to the other side of the river, set fire to the town in four quarters, and then retreated themselves. The Turks rushed into the burning town, put a stop to the conflagration, and took up their position there. The Grand Vizier, having thus driven the Russians to the opposite shore, was now determined to follow them; and he made the attempt in three places, Widdin, Rutschük, and Silistria. He succeeded at Widdin, and established thirty thousand men in Wallachia. He also succeeded at Rutschük, took possession of a large island in the river called Slobodse, and, in perfect confidence, passed the greater part of his army to the other side, and established them in an entrenched camp. Kutosov was not idle; he immediately availed himself of the Vizier's crossing over, and detached eight thousand men, under General Markof, to attack the camp he had left behind.

* A Turkish camp is formed without any regularity. The Grand Vizier's tent is always conspicuous in the centre, and becomes the nucleus round which all the rest are pitched, as every man chooses to place them. It is, however, their strong hold, to which they always retire, as a wild animal to its lair; and they defend it with the same fierceness and obstinacy. On this occasion, they were completely surprised; the whole of the camp, including the general's tent, fell into the hands of the Russians, and the fugitive Turks crowded into Rutschük. Here they were cannonaded by the artillery of their own abandoned camp, and General Langeron, from the other side, directed one hundred pieces of cannon to bear upon them. The Vizier, having heard of this misfortune, threw himself into a little boat, and, availing himself of a storm of wind and rain, he pushed across, and landed in safety; but the Russians now brought up their flotilla, and intercepted all communication between the divided portions of the Turkish army. They next attacked and carried the island, and turned the guns on the entrenched camp of the Turks, who were thus cut off from all communication or supply. In this state they endured the severest privations; and after feeding on the flesh of their horses, and giving up all hope of relief, they were compelled to surrender, having lost 10,000 men in the different assaults made on them. This was the last effort of the combatants. The Turks, who had entered Wallachia, at Widdin, retired to the other side, and the Grand Vizier, having received great reinforcements, concentrated them at Rutschük; but while the combatants were preparing to renew the sanguinary conflicts, the exhausted state of the one, and the critical state of the other, invaded by the French, induced them to come to an accommodation; and the peace of Bucharest, concluded in 1812, gave another accession of territory to the Russians, extending their frontier from the Niester to the Pruth, and assigning to them all the country that

lay between the two rivers, Bessarabio, and a considerable part of Moldavia.

'The Russians withdrew from the provinces of Wallachia and Moldavia, which they had occupied for seven years, and have never since entered them: they are now, however, in appearance, about to renew their desperate conflicts, and dye the Danube again with blood; and the general opinion is, that they will meet with no effectual opposition to their further progress; but certainly the events of the last campaign should induce us to adopt a different opinion. They availed themselves of a moment of their enemies' weakness, and advanced, with little opposition, to that river; here they stopped; and after a very sanguinary and persevering conflict of six years, we find them, at the end of that period, still on its shores. Whenever they attempted to proceed beyond it, they were driven back with carnage, and a single town scarcely fortified, as contemptible in the eyes, as it would be weak in the hands, of European troops, effectually arrested their career.'—Pp. 178-186.

The account which Doctor Walsh gives of the depopulated appearance of many parts of the Turkish dominions is remarkable; and, in assigning the causes for the appearance, he has illustrated some very curious and important questions:

'The circumstance most striking to a traveller passing through Turkey, is its depopulation. Ruins, where villages had been built, and fallows where land had been cultivated, are frequently seen, with no living things near them. This effect is not so visible in larger towns, though the cause is known to operate there in a still greater degree. Within the last twenty years, Constantinople has lost more than half its population. In eighteen months, three sanguinary revolutions took place, which destroyed two Sultans, and about thirty thousand of the inhabitants. These were followed by the plague in 1812, which swept away, according to some two, and according to others three hundred thousand more. It was known that at one time, a thousand persons a-day were brought out of the top Kapousi gate to be buried; and the gardener of the English palace told me, he was the only survivor of a family of thirteen persons: he was seized with delirium and stupor, and when he recovered, he found himself in the house with twelve dead bodies. In 1821 the Greek insurrection broke out. The population of the Fanal, and other places, consisted of about forty thousand Greeks; by death and flight they are now reduced to half the number. In 1827 the janissaries were extinguished, and the contests on this occasion carried off, it is supposed, on both sides, about thirty thousand persons. If to these casualties be added the frequent conflagrations, two of which occurred while I was at Constantinople, and destroyed fifteen thousand houses; the Russian and Greek wars, which were a constant drain on the janissaries of the capital; and the silent operation of the plague, which is continually active, though not always alarming—it will be considered no exaggeration to say, that, within the period mentioned, from three to four hundred thousand persons have been prematurely swept away in one city of Europe, by causes which were not operating in any other,—conflagration, pestilence, and civil commotion. The Turks, though naturally of a robust and vigorous constitution, addict themselves to such habits as are very unfavourable to population; their sedentary life, polygamy, immoderate use of opium, coffee, and tobacco, and other indulgences still more hostile to the extension of the species, so impede the usual increase of families, that the births do little more than compensate the ordinary deaths, and cannot supply the waste of casualties. The surrounding country is, therefore, constantly drained to supply this waste in the capital, which, nevertheless, exhibits districts nearly depopulated. If we suppose that these causes operate more or less in every part of the Turkish empire, it will not be too much to say, that there is more of human life wasted, and less supplied, than in any other country. It is thus that the gifts of bountiful nature are thrown away upon this people. It is in vain that God has issued his great law—"Be fruitful, and multiply, and replenish the earth,"—and has conferred on them every means of fulfilling it,—comely persons, robust constitutions, mild climate, fertile soil, and beautiful country,—when their own perverse propensities and antisocial habits counteract the blessings of a good Providence. We see, every day, life going out in the fairest portion of Europe, and the human race threatened with extinction, in a soil and climate capable of supporting the most abundant population.'—Pp. 191-194.

Our next extract we take, in order to afford a

specimen of the manner in which the author has described the picturesque scenes he met with on his tour. Speaking of his quarantine, he says:

'Every little incident that varies the dull monotony of such a place, affords a subject to talk of. Though shut up from intercourse, I received one day an unexpected visitor. While I was at breakfast a bird flew into the window, which, notwithstanding the cold, I was obliged to keep always open. It was a species of woodpecker, about the size of a thrush, of a light-blue colour, with black marks beside the bill. It entered with all the familiarity of an old friend, hopped on the table, and picked up the crumbs and flies. It had belonged to the Doctor's child, just buried, and, by a singular instinct, left the house of the dead, and flew into my room. Its habits were curious, and so familiar that they were quite attractive; it climbed up the wall by any stick or cord near it, devouring flies. It sometimes began at my foot, and, at one race, ran up my leg, arm, round my neck, and down my other arm, and so to the table. It there tapped with its bill with a noise as loud as a hammer. This was its general habit on the wood in every part of the room; when it did so, it would look intently at the place, and dart at any fly or insect it saw running. Writers on Natural History say it makes this noise to disturb the insects concealed within, and so to seize them when they appear; and from the habits of this bird I thought it very probable: the woods about this place abound with them. Another source of unexpected amusement I found in some books, which my very kind friend, Mr. D. lent me; a man with a wooden tray on a pole thrust them in at the window. They were some of Scott's Novels, translated into French, and had been the delight of the Boyars of Bucharest who were able to read that language, and they were now the consolation of the quarantine in the Carpathian mountains. This extensive circulation of a work is, perhaps, the highest possible test of its merit. The details must be founded on the deepest knowledge of the human character and general feelings recognized by all, which meet with universal acceptance, and in countries whose artificial habits and modes of thinking are so dissimilar. The novels most esteemed were the "Pirate," and "Kenilworth."

'The period of my companions' quarantine now expired, and they proceeded to Hermanstadt, leaving me the only prisoner in the mountains. We had agreed to travel on together to Vienna; and Mr. D. proposed to make a personal application to the Governor of Hermanstadt, for permission for me immediately to join them, as all rumour of plague had now subsided, and when that is the case, people are allowed to proceed after a few days' detention; but the Governor was now inexorable. I was determined, however, to enlarge the limits of my prison; so, early the next morning, I clambered up the side of the mountain, and my good-natured guard, having in vain expostulated, followed me.

'Nothing could be more grand and picturesque than the way we chanced to take: we fell into a broad path, which passed over the highest ridge like a good road; though the guard of the quarantine, who had been five years in attendance on gentlemen confined here, had never known it, much less visited it with any one before. On each side were steep wooded precipices; and below, an infinite variety of deep glens and small rivers running through them, dividing the ridges of hill into the most tortuous and fantastic shapes. The prospect from the summit commands nearly the whole extent of the valley of the Rothenturn, from Wallachia to Transylvania,—the plains of the latter being visible to a considerable extent, stretching beyond the mountains. The woods with which the hills were clothed, consisted of alder, beech, birch, and poplar; and the beech in particular attained a magnificent size on the tops of the mountains. Some of these trees, uprooted by the storms, are found lying on the banks of the Olt below. As they decay, a substance highly inflammable is formed round the medullary part at the centre. This is collected and sent to Constantinople, where it is called Amadhoon, and used in great quantities by the Turks for lighting their pipes. There is also another substance used for a similar purpose, procured from the dried pulp of a fungus;* but I could not find any traces of it on these mountains. The underwood consisted of bramble and dog-rose; the smilax and the rhamnus paliurus, which clothe the hills of Turkey, not having extended into this cold climate, but having become extinct on the shores of the Danube: and this was another mark that we had left a Mohammedan state; the very vegetation indicating that we were now in a

* Boletus igniarius.

Christian country. The rock was a stratified schist, rising in sharp ridges out of the soil, and forming little columnar knolls of a lamellated structure; veins of quartz were occasionally imbedded in the strata; and masses of mica slate, very glittering, were lying on the soil, loosely scattered. These continually slip down into the bed of the river Olt below, and becoming spherical by the rolling in the current, look sometimes as bright as globules of silver; and this, I imagine, is the origin of the opinion that the river is argentiferous, and abounds with silver as it is known to do with gold. We pursued this beautiful road to a considerable distance,—sometimes on a narrow ridge, with almost perpendicular flanks, which descended, more abruptly than the roof of a house, to Turkey on one side and Germany on the other, and reminded me of the rock of Gibraltar, on whose edge you sat astride with one leg over the Atlantic and the other over the Mediterranean; sometimes we passed through green glades, surrounded by wood, which, even in this lofty and inclement region, were the abode of shepherds during the summer months, and scattered with cottages, now generally deserted. Among them, however, I had frequently seen these shepherds from below, even at this season. In the evening they made a fire; their flocks crowded round them, and their dogs remained outside, while they, in their sheep-skins, stood out all the inclemency of a winter's night. Sometimes a bear or a wolf attacked them, and we distinctly heard the shouts of men and howling of dogs driving them back. Nothing could be more picturesque than those groups hanging on the sides of the mountains, at a considerable distance over our heads.'—Pp. 277-282.

FEMALE REMINISCENCES.

Memoirs of a Contemporary, or Reminiscences of a Female respecting the principal Characters of the Republic, the Consulate, and the Imperial Government of France. Vols. 4 and 5 of the French edition, and Vol. 3 of the English translation. Saunders and Otley, London, 1828.

[Concluded from page 279, No. 18.]

MADAME DE St. Elme, whom we had left at Turin, in the midst of the bustling and brilliant court of the Princess Paulina, soon quitted that capital, and was proceeding towards Valle-Umbrosa, a small town of Tuscany, with the intention of passing some months in it, *nel dolce far niente*; when, owing to her ancient connection with Lucien and St. Jean d'Angely, and to the remembrance which Napoleon had preserved of this beautiful 'contemporary,' she was appointed by him reader to the Princess Eliza, whom she joined at Florence, whom she was fortunate enough to please at the first interview, and of whom she gives the following portrait:

'Eliza was not beautiful; her person was diminutive, flimsy, and feeble; yet she possessed certain graces, which, combined with fancy and imagination, constitute a very agreeable woman. Her fashionable air and manners gave her the appearance of being handsome, because all her motions expressed a union of dignity and grace. Her feet especially, for their prettiness and delicacy, would have been extolled in every drawing-room in society; we may, therefore, easily judge of their effect upon the steps of a throne. In such an elevation, they were the constant theme of admiration, and compliments without end. With respect to her hands, they were equal to her brother's, who was far from being insensible to any compliments passed on his own. Her physiognomy was animated by a very fine pair of beautiful black eyes, which she managed with great effect, either to please or to command. In short, Eliza was very well for an ordinary woman, but she was still better for a Royal Highness; and I believe that many legitimate female sovereigns would have recognised their own style in her deportment, her truly royal graces and dignity of manners.

'I have had frequent opportunities of estimating, and closely examining, all the individuals of that family, whom their brother erected into kings and separate dynasties in Europe. But not one of them bore so close a resemblance to Napoleon himself as the Princess Eliza: like him, she possessed a mind of great animation, promptness, and sagacity, an ardent imagination, an incredible elevation of sentiment, a soul of adamant, a natural sentiment of grandeur, and fortitude in adversity. Not one of the family felt so forcibly the glory of being his relation; she was, in a manner, ab-

sobered in him, and her heart and imagination were totally engrossed by an enthusiastic attachment to her brother.

'Eliza appeared to recollect me, and reminded me that she had heard me read some verses at her brother Lucien's house. Though she had contracted habits of exacting obedience and respect, she had acquired the dignity of superiority without an air of arrogance and disdain. She possessed the pleasing art of making power popular by politeness; she knew well how to listen, as well as to speak. I watched her with that lynx-like attention which belongs to females; and, in spite of the ease and studied negligence of her conversation, I could perceive that there was something premeditated and assumed in her general deportment; that she borrowed something of Napoleon's habits, whose sister she was proud of being called. She expressed herself in sudden jerks and sallies, and gave vent to abrupt and forcible turns of sentiment, as if she threw about her bits of broken sticks.'

The characters which 'The Contemporaine' draws of the personages that composed the Court of Eliza, discover great discrimination and shrewdness in their delineation. Nothing escapes in the original from the penetration and sagacity of the copyist. She brings before us all the great Italian families; the Gheradeschi, the Medicis, the Porrolini, and the Barberini. Among all these, fine men and elegant women were to be found; and, if there was not great freedom and independence of mind, there was, at least, facility of intercourse. She admits us to the secret of the intimate connections of her beautiful Princess with Baron Capella, then imperial prefect, but now a royalist and councillor of state; also with Baron de Cerami, one of the handsomest men in Tuscany. She likewise sketches, with great spirit and fidelity, the martial figures of all the generals that passed into the States of the Grand Duchess, 'appearing at her Court like wandering stars,' 'the twinklers of the moment,' before whom were eclipsed the varnished visages and powdered pates of the chamberlains, and ministers, and governors, that encumbered the drawing-rooms of the sisters of the Great Man. Having mentioned all the dignitaries of the Court of Florence, from the military order to the financial, she reserved for the last, and with reason, the portrait of Prince Felix Bacciochi, the husband but not the equal of Eliza, who, in contradiction to the Salic Law, since Clovis rules the throne of France, governed Tuscany in her own private name, which induces the 'Contemporaine' to say, that, without the matrimonial ceremony which had united the ci-devant adjutant Bacciochi with the sister of Napoleon the First, and without the testimony of a charming little daughter, the fruit of their union, the Prince would infallibly have been taken for the gentleman usher of his own wife, the Grand Duchess. Madame De St. Elme relates an anecdote relative to this little girl, the favourite of the Princess Eliza, which is very affecting, and reveals the excellent qualities of her heart:

'I remember to have seen her one day run towards a little girl that was begging alms, and whom the porter was driving away from the entrance to the Imperial palace of Poggio. She began to cry for the distress of the little mendicant, and took her under her arm to procure her admittance, and demanded, in an imperious tone that was delightful in her, that she should have something to eat, some money, and shoes and stockings, because the pebbles were too rough for her young protégée, as she expressed it. The under-governess in vain represented to her Royal Highness that she should not condescend to interfere in such matters, that she was too good natured, &c.; but the diminutive Royal Highness replied: "Since I am a young Napoleon, I ought to be better than any body else." I was present at this scene, and I must say, that, on hearing this youthful sally, the dictate of an excellent heart, I cursed, within myself, with great earnestness, that paltry system of etiquette that forbids us to embrace the children of princes; for a kiss to this amiable and interesting young Napoleon would have done good to my heart.'

Being admitted to the intimacy of the Princess

Eliza, and partaking of all the pleasures of her little Court, our author might have been completely happy at Florence, if she could efface from her heart the recollection of her dear Marshal. The war with Spain now broke out, and Ney commanded the 6th Corps, to make head against the English army under the orders of Sir Robert Wilson. The sinister rumours that were afloat respecting the policy of that war, made a deep impression on the mind of Madame De St. Elme, and considering the idol of her heart to be in danger, especially in a mode of warfare so new to him, that is, the ambushed carabine of the guerrillas or the stiletto of the fanatical friar,—listening only to the apprehensions attending on her love, she requested and obtained leave of absence for two months from the Grand Duchess, departed post from Florence, and repaired to Perpignan. She was speedily in the heart of Spain, and rejoined, near Banos, in a situation quite enchanting for the wildness of its scenery, the hero whom she sought at the distance of 500 leagues from Florence.

She then returned on her travels, crossed the Pyrenees as speedily as she had surmounted them, and, without halt, observation, or attention to any thing, 'having seen in Spain but one Frenchman, for whom she would have given Spain, Italy, and even France, with as much facility as she had traversed them over.'

Overwhelmed with fatigue, she arrived at her post, only two days before the termination of her leave of absence, resumed her functions with her noble patroness, knowing well how to put in practice her favourite maxim, frequently repeated in her Memoirs, 'that with princes it is not politic to appear to aim at too much confidence; that the necessity for it should be inspired before it should be allowed to come into play; and that the surest mode of acquiring it, is not too earnestly to seek it.'

She acquired the full confidence of Eliza, was charged by that Princess with some very delicate commissions to Rome and Naples, was admitted to the brilliant court of Murat and Caroline, and returned to Rome, where she saw Lucien, who, while his brother was personifying Charlemagne to the life, revived him in verse, in an epic poem, residing himself, as he then was, at that very Tusculum that was the favourite retired spot of Cicero, and refusing a diadem of a king, though he was unable to reach the laurel of a poet. It was on her return from the Court of Naples that our heroine, who was then residing at Florence, there beheld the preparations for the famous war against Russia; and, if every thing that has hitherto been read in the adventurous life of Madame De St. Elme, had not prepared the reader for all the whims of her inexhaustible imagination, he would hesitate to believe that a few hours were sufficient to decide her to run the hazards of that gigantic and terrible campaign. But, without admitting any person into the secret, or even acquainting Ney with her resolution, she obtained a second leave of absence from the Grand Duchess, set out for Poland, and traversed that country, forming a friendship with a young Lithuanian female of the name of Nidia, that was the mistress of General Montbrun who fell at the battle of La Moskova, and entered into Moscow with her, at the moment of the conflagration, where both of them carried their courage to a pitch that bordered on heroism.

'How can I describe,' says she, 'the scene of terror that unfolded itself before us! Without guide or protector, we traversed that vast city, which was encumbered with ruins and dead bodies, while we were urged on by a tide of military, crowds of wretched fugitives, that endeavoured to shun death, and hordes of desperate wretches who were spreading the flames on every side, as the price of that odious and inhuman liberty given to them by the Governor Rostopchin. Nidia and myself had armed ourselves with pistols that were well loaded, and which we determined to use in our defence.

We were naturally bold and courageous, besides being rendered resolute by the stern dictates of necessity; and we marched undaunted through the scene of terror. On turning a street, we beheld three wretches stripping a wounded and defenceless officer. Quick as lightning, Nidia grasped her pistol, and discharged it at one of the robbers, who fell to the ground, while his two base comrades, who were as cowardly as criminal, took to flight before two women: We conducted the wounded man into a church, where we were surrounded by multitudes of old men and children, who, on the faith of antiquated, superstitious prejudices, had believed the city to be impregnable, and were now overwhelmed with despair at the sight of the conquerors, who were, alas! more objects of pity than themselves. Sentinels were placed before the grand stores of provisions; the number of soldiers augmented every moment, and the crowd blocked up all the avenues of the church; some of the men were loaded with valuable stuffs and costly materials. Two of them were dragging about a beautiful young Russian female. "I must rescue her," said I, to Nidia, who immediately grasped my hand, and prepared her pistol. "No, no, Nidia," cried I, "do not do so! Let us speak to these soldiers; they are Frenchmen; let us call on the brave, whom we love, and they will yield to our prayers." The soldiers did not ill-treat the young woman; but they made some very comical efforts to persuade her, that she need not complain, as she had to deal with the handsomest Grenadiers of the army. But the names of Ney and Montbrun were hardly uttered by French lips, when they produced a sudden change in the free manners of these vain Chevaliers; the names that we pronounced, and repeated again, operated like talismans on the hearts of the soldiers. "Come, come," said the two heroes, brought back by a word to a due sense of honour, "a good deed must be done in consideration of the particular friend of the brave man that has fallen for the glory of France on the field of battle. Pretty women should never plead in vain." The young Russian girl was immediately set at liberty, and kissed our hands in token of her gratitude.'

M. de Segur has admirably described this Russian war, which is nearly fabulous, and the episodes of that retreat, that are so full of terrible emotions, and so strange and afflicting to the French; but his powerful and picturesque pencil has not been able to exhaust all its interest and reveal all its colours; and subsequently to him, the 'Contemporaine,' describing the miseries that fell to the lot of her own sex, has found further materials for the exhibition of her pathetic powers.

I beheld,' says she, some unhappy women repay, by sad and humiliating compliances, the favour of approaching the fires of a bivouac, or of sharing a short and greedy meal for a day. I have seen them, cast away and perishing on the roads, even under the feet of those who, in the victims of the following day, were unable to recognise the wretched objects that on the evening before, had excited their compassion, and gratified their desires.'

Nidia and the 'Contemporaine' shared all the dangers, and encountered all the privations, of that disastrous road, being attacked at every instant by the Cossacks. The latter displayed every military energy; and, as she expresses it herself, 'at the approach of the tiger, she was determined to kill it.' In one of these petty encounters, Nidia discharged eight pistol-shots, five of which told. 'I attempted,' says our heroine, 'not to be behind her; a soldier that aimed at the enemy, and rested his piece on my shoulder, said to me, "Your hand trembles, can you have any pity for these wretches?" I discharged the pistol; and, while I was biting another cartridge, the soldier made me shudder by the energy of his military approbation, "that's well done."

Madame De St. Elme, who, in order to be near her hero, had exchanged the soft and beautiful climate of Italy for the snows and hardships of Russia, could only come up with him towards the end of the campaign, and only then to receive his rebukes, and experience for a considerable time his indifference. After the campaign, she repaired to Florence, traversed the provinces of Illyria, and there met with Marshal Junot, whose singular folly she describes, and is introduced to Fouché, 'who fixed on her those penetrating

eyes that fascinated the most resolute minds.' She is next admitted to an intimate acquaintance with Louis Napoleon, then in a sort of banishment at Gratz, whose portrait she thus describes:

'Louis possessed a heart of great sensibility and benignity, the character of which the necessity of his situation prevented him from displaying at large, but which a corresponding feeling, and an affectionate behaviour, would have fully expanded and displayed. He liked to be listened to, and to be understood; but it was with the modest reserve of a young author that he was reading his first work. He had just published a few copies of his novel of "Maria," in two beautiful large volumes in 8vo.; and the success of some verses, interspersed in it, had encouraged him to proceed. He wrote verses, and that was his failing; he performed good actions, but that was his good natural disposition; and posterity will remark the difference between the schoolmaster of Corinth and the inhabitant of Gratz.

The 'Contemporaine' was at Florence when she learned, as we may gather from her expressions, 'that the decline of the Imperial Government was beginning to appear,' and that the barbarians of the North, whom she had pursued to the gates of Moscow, were approaching the frontiers of France. Upon this, she immediately quitted the Court of the Grand Duchess, and, travelling post, arrived, in a few days, at Paris; when, having obtained an audience of the Emperor Napoleon,—who was uniformly, as she never omits to say, a person of extraordinary goodness, and always accessible to the gentle and generous emotions of the heart,—she departed for the army, made the campaigns of 1813 and 1814, and was witness of the first abdication of Napoleon. She says that, while the Emperor was reviewing the Guard, she beheld 'the big tears rolling down the moustachios of the old grenadiers, and also trickling down from the fine eyes of her royal master.' After these extraordinary and affecting scenes, she returned to Paris, there to view the foreigner encamped under the triumphal arches erected to the conquerors of Austerlitz, Wagram, and Marengo. We are surprised that, in the excesses of her grief, she does not exclaim, in the words of Casimir Delavigne,

'Des soldats de la Germanie,
J'ai vu les coursiers vagabonds,
Dans nos jardins pompeux errer sur les gazons,
Parmi les demi-dieux qu' enfante le génie;
J'ai vu des bataillons, des tentes, et des chars,
Et l'appareil d'un camp dans le temple des arts.'

It was during this latter residence at Paris that Madame de St. Elme made an acquaintance with Carnot whom she styles the French Cato, and M. Lonjuinais whom she calls the Lacedæmonian Count, as well as a variety of other famous personages. It is in the fifth volume of her Memoirs that the following very interesting anecdote is to be found:

'In the year 1796, when I was at Breda and Anvers, I became acquainted with a young female of very respectable family, and extraordinary beauty, at Malines; her Christian name was Gertrude. This beautiful young creature eloped with an aide-de-camp of General Desolles, and I did not see her till twenty years afterwards. I repaired to the residence of my old acquaintance, who did not expect me; and, having opened the door rather precipitately, I found myself in the presence of a lady in deep mourning, who possessed a very striking exterior and elegant manners. Her soft and melancholy glance inspired me at once with pity and respect. Though young and beautiful, her mourning did not seem to me to bear the aspect of that coquetry that usually designates the artificial grief of the widowed tribe. We both remained motionless at the first recognition of each other, and I already felt a share of her destitution and distress. "It is you, Gertrude!" said I. "Yes; and I am the less unhappy, because I am recognised by the eyes of friendship. May this friendship be resumed, and happy must I be in furnishing you with proofs of my sincerity and attachment." We then conversed together, and Gertrude expressed herself in the following terms: "I can only accuse myself for the conduct of the man that has ruined me. He could not esteem me, as I had sacrificed every thing for him, virtue, country, and family; and his only motive for any attachment was the vanity of a fresh con-

quest. He did not believe in my love that was so warm and devoted, and he shortly after left me to myself. It was nearly the time of the first invasion of Italy; and, finding myself destitute and deserted, I returned back to the place of my birth, which I had disgraced by my conduct. My family, irritated against me, placed me in a state of confinement and seclusion. I was offered my liberty on the condition of giving up my heart; but I was still attached to Alfred, ungrateful as he proved, and refused to become the property of another. Alas! I had now pronounced the fatal decree. My refusal was considered a rebellion, and the tears that I shed at the loss of Alfred were construed into madness. My relations, who hated me, prevailed over a feeble-minded mother, and I was thrown into a Lunatic Asylum, which opened for me, on the 29th of August, 1801, an abode more terrible than the tomb itself. In it I passed nine years of my existence, beholding nothing but objects of degradation and humiliation. In vain did I have recourse to tears and lamentations; in vain did I supplicate, and assert that my heart alone was affected, and that my reason was sound: pride had condemned me, that pride that is never known to pardon. At last, on a day that is ever memorable, the door of my dungeon was thrown open: I heard the accents of peace and consolation, and, lifting my eyes towards the benevolent being that visited me, his tender and interesting aspect inspired me with the first emotion that for two years was not that of grief. My glance was sufficient to reveal to him the real state of my mind. "No, this woman is not mad," cried he; while his looks, his gestures, and his attitude expressed a feeling of delicacy and compassion. The respectful demeanour that attends on females had provided what was necessary on so afflicting an occasion; and the stranger was accompanied by the matron of the establishment, and two other witnesses. This visit brought with it fresh consolations, and every recommendation was made to the matron, who placed me in a convenient and comfortable apartment. A change of dress was procured for me, and food of a better description; and he came to see me on the following day, as a matter of civility, and for the purpose of bestowing more favours on me. My noble and generous benefactor spared no expense; money, credit, and interest, were employed in my behalf; and he exerted himself to extricate me from a horrid situation, though I was a total stranger to him; and he requested no grateful return, but the concealment of his name, and the satisfaction of rescuing an unhappy being from misery and injustice. His angelic humanity was crowned with success; and my liberty, which was the last and most valuable blessing that he procured me, raised my gratitude to the highest pitch. When my liberation was announced to me, an annuity of 1,200 livres was assigned to me, with the only condition on my part of a promise not to re-visit my native place, and to change my family name. Happy was I to accept so easy a condition, as it led to my immediate liberation. After such benevolent and kind treatment, why should I regret the past? But it was only by dint of remonstrances, and repeated prayers, that I could obtain, on parting from my keepers, the name of my benefactor—It was Talma!"

The political conduct adopted by Madame de St. Elme, during the one hundred days, her voyage to Elba, &c., are to furnish materials for the concluding volumes of her Memoirs, not yet, however, before the public.

ADDISON ON THE MALVERN WATERS, &c.

A Dissertation on the Nature and Properties of the Malvern Water, and an Inquiry into the Causes and Treatment of Scrofulous Diseases and Consumption: together with some Remarks upon the Influence of the Terrestrial Radiation of Caloric upon Local Salubrity. By William Addison, Surgeon. Callow and Wilson; T. Butcher, London; Kniff and Langridge, Worcester. Pp. 192. Price 6s. 6d. 1828.

WHEN we consider the number of invalids who annually resort to partake of the air and waters of the romantic and beautiful valley of Malvern, the cause of the beneficial effects said to be produced by them, becomes an object of inquiry; and this, we can safely assert, is answered by the author of the present dissertation, a surgeon, residing at Malvern. With regard to the effects produced by the waters themselves, they are attributed by our author solely to their 'excessive purity, nearly approaching the nature of distilled water.' (p. 32.), especially as the waters themselves can be found to 'produce no medicinal powers.' In those diseases generally called scrofula,

the necessity of a pure element is always found beneficial, and as one of the excitements of scrofula arises from some of the following causes:—'The individual residing in the neighbourhood of swamps and stagnant waters, low marshy situations, where the air is usually gross, and loaded with hurtful impregnation—all places subject to sudden changes in the quantity of sensible caloric—all drafts or currents of cold air—in short, all causes vitiating the atmosphere, or causing sudden variations in its temperature, should be assiduously avoided, not only by those predisposed to scrofula, but also by all who seek to avoid the exciting causes of disease; while, on the contrary, a dry raised situation, sheltered from the colder winds, is to be preferred to those which lie more exposed, in order that an uniformity of temperature may, as far as possible, be preserved.' P. 55.

A great deal depends, in the cure of diseases, on the local salubrity of the place where the patient resides; and it has been the practice of physicians, from the time of Celsus, even to the present period, to remove the patient from the place where he generated his complaint to one directly contrary:—'From land to sea, from sea to land, &c.' It is thus, (says Dr. Young,) perhaps we may explain the benefit which has been observed to accrue to consumptive patients by removing them from a dry situation to a low and marshy district. Yet this appears a paradox to what we have just stated, the benefit which such a change creates is seldom of much advantage. Sea air has been recommended by some medical writers in all diseases influenced or produced by scrofula, as well as in all the varieties of pulmonary consumption; and it has been as strongly condemned by others: the fact is, that sea air does not appear to have any uniform or decidedly peculiar or specific effect upon any disease; it is, however, more impregnated with agulous vapour, and probably with saline particles, and, in certain situations, may be milder and more agreeable in temperature than the air of the main land.' P. 164.

The article on the 'Influence of the Terrestrial Radiation of Caloric upon Local Salubrity,' is very interesting, displaying much scientific ability and inquiry, the results of which infer, 'That all those places where the radiation of caloric goes on with rapidity, will be found subject to great vicissitudes of temperature, to fogs, heavy dews, and other noxious precipitations from the air, whereby they are rendered cold, damp, and, oftentimes, white coteris paribus. Those situations where the terrestrial radiation is diminished, will be proportionally warmer, drier, of a more equable temperature, and more healthy.' P. 186.

To return to the Malvern Waters, they arise from two principal springs, St. Ann's Well, and the Holy Well. The water, as it issues from the rock, is perfectly clear and transparent, and remains so after an indefinite exposure to the air; its temperature at the springs is about 47° F. The place where it falls has not received any kind of incrustation or deposit, nor is there the slightest appearance of any precipitation from the water. Its taste has been supposed to be peculiar and evident, though few persons can detect it.

From a chemical analysis of a gallon of the water from Saint Ann's wells, by the Author, it is found to contain:—

Atmospheric air, nearly	3 Cubic inches
Sulphuric acid66 Grains
Muriatic acid64
Soda30
Lime205
Magnesia528
Silicious matter50 nearly
Precipitate obtained with the sulphate of magnesia, insoluble in water, and loss167
Grains	3.000

The analysis of the Holy Well afforded a similar result.

The work is written in an easy and popular style, and is adapted for the perusal of either the medical practitioner or invalid.

EDUCATION.

IN Prussia there exist, what are termed, *Strolling Schools*, having no fixed place. The teacher, with his scholars, and his classical furniture, establishes himself in all the houses of a village successively, where he affords instruction; and his stay is determined by the number of persons he is called upon to instruct under each roof, a week being the allotted term for each child, during which period the parents supply all the wants of the *Domine*.

THE FRENCH STAGE, AND THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.

(Continued from page 391.)

'The mythology of the Greeks has been called imaginative. It is, perhaps, rather imitative. It certainly belongs less to imagination than to imitation to compose a Pantheon out of all the features collected from humanity, than to imagine a great omnipotent Being, with attributes all his own, and all infinite.'

Without endeavouring to ascertain whether this power, which, suddenly appearing in the infinite space, created a new world, originated every thing in nature, peopled heaven with divinities, and earth with a thousand agents, moving at will all the powers of the universe,—without inquiring, I say, whether this moral power was indeed rather imitative than imaginative, I confess that the noble idea of an Almighty and Eternal Being is more satisfactory to me. I readily yield it the preference; and, in so doing, I participate in the opinion of a Greek poet, anterior not only to Mr. Croker, but also to Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides,—the opinion of Orpheus, whose sentiments on Theism are thus translated by the learned author of 'The Philosophy of Nature':

'Le Dieu, peuple du Nil, qui règne sur tes maîtres,
Est lui seul la racine et la tige des êtres :
Sa main soutient le ciel, la terre, les enfers,
La matière et l'esprit partagent son essence ;
Il unit les anneaux de cette chaîne immense
Qui de l'astre à l'atome embrasse l'univers.
De l'être organisé sa voix produit le germe :
Il en est le principe aussi bien que le terme.

Tout aux yeux éclairés peint un premier moteur :
Bien vient, comme un époux, féconder la nature ;
Il s'annonce aux ingrats, mais en les foudroyant ;
Il parle et ses décrets font passer sans murmure,
Du néant à l'être, et de l'être au néant.'

It is very plain that the lover of Eurydice was much less Pagan than some of the Christians of 'The Quarterly Review.' Moreover, I think I have already proved, that, however important the Greeks might think it to introduce the gods into the composition of their dramas, the French poets make use of this adjunct but very seldom and very indirectly: and, let me add, when they do adopt it, they are as far from doing violence to the creed of the time, as the immortal Shakespeare in producing on the stage the ghost of Hamlet, or the evil genius of Brutus. Indeed, I know but three or four French tragedies in which even the indirect introduction of the gods is necessary to the development of the plot, while it uniformly constitutes the very soul and machinery of the Greek tragedies.

But 'The Quarterly Review' is not content with accusing our neighbours of a servile imitation of the Greeks: it accuses them of making unsuccessful copies, and that with its usual politeness and urbanity.

'The Greeks took the subjects of their tragedies from their own records and traditions, &c. But the French did not liberate themselves from the very first trammels they met with on their way; and now recollecting that Sophocles and Euripides took their subjects from Greece, because Greece was their native country, and the more improved of antiquity, they (the French) conceived that none but Grecian histories were fit for the stage; that nothing would be pleasing to moderns except the fables of antiquity; that fatalism was necessary to explain the passions of men abandoned wholly to themselves, &c. &c.'

If Mr. Croker, instead of founding his notions of the French drama on conjecture, had taken the trouble of studying, or at least of reading it, he would have refrained from an attack which is almost as full of mistakes as it is numerous in words. Indeed, though Greece, at the period when her Theatre was founded, might esteem herself the most enlightened nation in the world; though she conceived (and that with truth) that she could find within herself subjects worthy the dignity of tragedy; it was not the case with France. Surrounded by the thick darkness of deep ignorance which followed the decline of letters in Europe,

and which it required a length of time to dissipate, she could have no such pretensions. A religion corrupted by its union with licentious manners—a host of dark superstitions lying like an incubus on public opinion—heresiarchs and fanatics—these were they which surrounded the cradle of the monarchy and aristocracy of France; and surely it was not in such an atmosphere of pestilence and death that the national genius could find the elements of dramatic art, whose first aim is to represent nature just as she appears, and to describe, to use the words of Mr. Croker, 'the human world in action.'

Nor could France have accomplished this design by an observation of surrounding nations; for all were involved in the same evil destiny. What wiser plan could she have taken than to commune with antiquity, who presented herself to her like a ray of light piercing through the shades of night. At a later period, it is true, France, in her turn, had annals which demanded the attention of her tragic poets, who, from that time, perhaps, ought to have confined themselves to native sources, dedicating to their country their songs and their pencils. But, whether the impulse given by antiquity was too powerful to admit of a sudden return, or whether the French preferred retracing the antiquity of their monarchy and the exploits of their heroes in history rather than in verse; whether this nation felt less interest than others in giving a fabulous air to the events which actually occurred in reference to her; or, in short, whether her simple annals afforded less excitement than ours to terror and pity, which are indispensable ingredients in tragedy;—and it is certain the French poets shook off less resolutely than ours the yoke of imitation. I say, *less resolutely*, for, if we compare Shakspeare, the most independent of English dramatists, and Racine, the least so of the French, we shall not find that the latter yields to the former in the number of good plays, the subjects of which were not borrowed from foreign historians or romancers. 'Coriolanus' and 'The Death of Cæsar,' for example, were both furnished by Plutarch; 'Romeo and Juliet,' 'Hamlet,' and 'Macbeth,' are taken from fabulous accounts, which, at that time, were current with the people, and not a word of them can properly be called English.

Mr. Croker errs in repeating, after Lady Morgan, and some other *littérati* of her ladyship's school, that the French tragedies are but paraphrases of the Greek dramas; that nothing will satisfy the French but 'the fables of antiquity;' and that, according to them, 'mythology must be the most interesting theme to Christians.' What becomes of all these foolish repetitions when opposed to facts, and to a simple statement of the titles of the greater number, and the finest, of the tragedies of the French theatre, which neither contain a single Greek allusion, nor one mythological conceit? The 'Mithridates,' 'Bajazet,' 'Esther,' 'Athalie,' 'Britannicus,' and 'Berenice' of Racine; the 'Cid,' 'Horatii,' 'Cinna,' 'Polyeucta,' 'Pompeus,' 'Rodogune,' 'Heraclius,' 'Nicomedes,' 'Sertorius,' 'Attila,' 'Lurina,' 'Berenice,' &c., of Corneille; the 'Zaire,' 'Mohammed,' &c., of Voltaire; 'Adelaide,' 'Du Guesclin,' 'Alzira,' 'L'Orphelin de la Chine,' and 'Tancredi' of Voltaire; 'Les Templiers de Renouart,' &c., &c.:—these constitute the grand masterpieces of the French stage; and yet they have nothing in common with the manner or the mythology of the Athenians.

Once more, ye Aristarchuses of 'The Quarterly,' read the French drama, if you would know what it is; especially before you print any more blunders like the following, which are so much the more unpardonable, since, when you committed them, you had before your eyes 'La Bibliothèque du Théâtre Français,' which you might have copied as exactly in this case, as you have done in all you have said on one not much less unreasonable:

'The first attempts at regular tragedy were some translations from the Greek; the most remarkable of which were the 'Electra' of Sophocles, and the 'Hecuba' of Euripides, by Bays; and Iphigenia, in Aulis, by Sabilée.'

The first French dramatist was prior to both of these. He flourished in the fourteenth century, and his name was Parosol. He composed five tragedies on the reign of Jeanne of Naples; one of which was on the death of the King, her husband, whom she assassinated, to marry her paramour. The first translations from the Greek which appeared, were some plays of Sophocles and Euripides, not by Bays and Solibee, but by St. Gelais and Bouchet. Moreover, in the very age of Louis XII., the comedy of Patelin had already been performed; from which Rabelais borrowed several scenes, which Beaumarchais has imitated; and in which, says Fontenelle, there are passages worthy of Molière.

Mr. Croker errs in being ignorant of the existence of two very remarkable comic poets, considering the period in which they lived. Antoine Forrester, and Jacques Bellijoeis, who wrote the comedy of 'The Lovers of Erostratus,' printed in 1534. He also errs in confining himself to the mere mention of Jodelle and the titles of two of his plays, without entering into the merits of either, unless indeed he be speaking of them, when he says: 'They are written in a most barbarous style.' In a dissertation intended to acquaint the English public with the origin, the progress, and the present state of the French stage, it would have been well, methinks, to dwell a moment on the two plays which distinguish the first steps of that stage, and rescue it from the barbarism in which it was plunged. But for this end it would have been necessary to read those pieces, in which the critic of 'The Quarterly' would, it is true, have found only a barbarous style and cold plays upon words, no action, no dramatic consistency; but in which he would have learnt a very important fact in the history of the French stage; which is, that Jodelle, by the sole adoption of a profane subject, was the first to attack and subdue a prejudice and a custom, which had, for ages, interdicted all but sacred subjects on the stage. In 'Dido,' the critic would probably have admired the whole of the second act, where he would have recognized the force, the energy, the eloquence, and the true pathos of the fourth book of the Æneid; in a word, with a little information and taste, he would have perceived with astonishment that Jodelle succeeded, in the very outset, in carrying tragedy to this extent.

Perhaps, also, Mr. Croker should have said a word about the comedy of 'Eugènes,' which, in its kind, is superior to the tragedies of its author, and which well deserves mention, were it only because it is characteristic of the manners of the age of Henry II., which, licentious as they were, it is interesting to know.

Mr. Croker errs in wishing the merit of Garnier to be determined by the isolated quotation of the most inflated passage in the plays of that poet. This is not criticism, it is calumny, and leads the public into error. The true critic adduces, at the same time, both beauties and defects, and he finds great excellence in the Rhadamanthus of Garnier, who, though he certainly wrote neither with purity or elegance, by studying the ancients without copying them, effected considerable advancement in the French stage. Besides the Rhadamanthus of Garnier is the first French tragedy in which the chorus is omitted—a circumstance well deserving of remark.

Mr. Croker errs in saying that Nardi, the most fertile of the old French poets, 'is censured for having made all his personages speak the same language, and still more for violating the unities.' This is not the reason why men of taste reproach Nardi; but they accuse him of having degraded the buskin by putting it on unruly feet,—of having every where discovered subjects of dramatic

interest to the entire neglect of tragic fitness. The fervour which distinguishes his compositions is acknowledged, and it is inferred that he contributed to the advancement of the art, but, (as was observed by a critic from whom Mr. Croker has largely, but unskilfully borrowed,) Nardi did not point out what should be followed, but only what should be avoided.

Mr. Croker errs, and errs greatly, in being ignorant of the existence of a French dramatic poet called Scudery, who wrote before Mairat, and who brought about a sort of revolution in the French stage, by introducing, for the first time, the rule of confining the time of the play within twenty-four hours, which he found in Aristotle, and applied in the play entitled 'L'Amour Tyran.'

Mr. Croker errs, in misunderstanding the verses which he quotes from Mairat, and in giving a most sophistical analysis of that poet's play:

'Tu fais d'un ennemi l'objet de tes desirs,
Ne pouvais tu trouver, où prendre des plaisirs,
Qu'en cherchant l'amitié de ce prince Numide,
Que te rend en semble impudique et perfide.'

Not only does the measure seem ridiculous to the saintly Aristarchus of 'The Quarterly,' but the words '*où prendre des plaisirs*' offend his chaste ears! Does the reader know the reason? Because Mr. Croker's pure mind glanced, if I may be allowed the expression, only at the surface of the verses which he has quoted, because he did not apprehend the deep feeling of indignation which they express,—a feeling that must naturally actuate a husband,—a King, who not only finds himself betrayed by his wife, but betrayed for his enemy, for the enemy of the State, for the ally of the Romans, whom he abhors; and, because Mr. Croker did not recollect (which, indeed, he would probably have found it difficult to do,) that one of the finest passages of Voltaire is that in which he puts precisely the same sentiment into the mouth of Tancredi, when, deceived by false appearances, he is convinced that Amenaide, his adored mistress, sacrifices herself to the enemy of Syracuse; a country which, though banished from its shores, he still acknowledges as his own:

'Et pour comble d'horreur elle a cru s'honorer!
Au plus grand des humains elle a cru se livrer!
Que cette idée encore m'accable et m'humilie,
L'Arabe impérieux domine en Italie,
Et ce sexe imprudent que tant d'écarts séduit,
Ce sexe à l'esclavage en leurs états réduit,
Frappé de ce respect que des vainqueurs impriment,
Se livre par faiblesse aux maîtres qui l'oppriment.'

Certainly no one can read and understand this passage of Voltaire without applauding it. Nevertheless, the idea which it conveys is exactly the same as that which, in the mouth of Syphax, so completely horrifies the learned and judicious Mr. Croker. Voltaire's verses, it is true, are much the finer; but almost a whole century elapsed between Mairat and him.

Mr. Croker errs; but his errors are not of a nature to be compassed within the space of a few pages; we shall return to them hereafter.

THE DEVIL OF WALLACHIA.

THE conqueror of Constantinople had scarcely returned from the expedition, which had put an end to the sovereignty of the Commenes at Trebizond, when he was compelled to take the field against Wlad, the Voivode of Wallachia, Mahomet's competitor both in craft and cruelty. The peculiar endowment of this ruler may be gathered from the several cognomens by which he was distinguished in the pages of Hungarian, Turkish, and Wallachian history. In the first he is designated under the genuine name of *Drakul*, or the Devil; in the second, under that of *Tschepelusch*, or the hangman; and in the last, under that of *Kasiklu Woda*, or the Stake-Voivode. A few excerpts from the memorabilia of his career will attest the merits of his claim to these titles. His favourite spectacle being the martyrdom of

the stake, the chosen spectators of his public banquets consisted of a circular phalanx of Turks, who were breathing their last sighs on lofty stakes. When any of this nation fell into his clutches, he had the skin stripped off from the soles of their feet; the naked flesh was then saturated with salt by rubbing, and, to refine upon the torture which the sufferer endured, goats were made to lick the excoriated part. Whenever a Turk refused to salute him by doffing his turban, he afforded him an excuse for any similar omission in future, by ordering the turban to be made fast to his head by three nails.* On one occasion, he invited all idlers and beggars to a splendid entertainment, and when they had well feasted, set fire to the apartment, and burned them all alive. But his greatest delight was derived from executions by wholesale: four hundred youths, who had been sent from Hungary and Transylvania to acquire the Wallachian language, were burned to death at one time; seven hundred traders were impaled in the open market; and the same fate befel five hundred Wallachian bailiffs and nobles, whom the monster suspected of refusing to render a true account of the actual population of their districts. But these were trivial cruelties compared with the enormous slaughter he perpetrated on the inhabitants of Bulgaria, in his campaign against the Turks.

Mahomet had assisted him to acquire the sovereignty of Wallachia, on which he endeavoured to strengthen his hold by devoting nearly twenty thousand men, women, and children, to destruction. But it was not on account of any such barbarities as these that the Ottoman fell to blows with him. The cause of quarrel was his refusal to send Mahomet, agreeably to stipulations, his yearly tribute of ten thousand ducats, and five hundred youths. In order to make himself master of the Voivode's person, the wily Turk despatched the Governor of Widin on a mission to him, in the year 1461, under the ostensible pretext of arranging their differences by a conference, during which he was to seize upon the refractory Wlad. The latter, however, anticipating his purpose, captured the governor and his suite, and, having deprived them of their hands and feet, impaled them alive, with Hamsa-Pasha, their leader, mounted on a loftier stake than his fellow-sufferers.

Drakul now burst into Bulgaria, laid the country waste in every direction, burned its towns and villages to the ground, and returned home with five and twenty thousand captives in his train. When Mahmud-Pasha, the Grand Vizier, brought his master the tidings of the murder of his ambassador, and the devastations and depopulation of Bulgaria, in the first ebullition of his rage the Sultan struck him to the ground; not that 'blows,' as Chalcondylas observes, 'are any disgrace, at the Sultan's Porte, for slaves whom he has raised from the dust to the enjoyment of the most distinguished honours.'† Mahomet's next act was to hasten the assemblage of his forces, whom, to the number of two hundred and fifty thousand men, he despatched to the banks of the Danube; whilst he himself entered its mouth with a fleet of a hundred and seventy-five vessels, and ascended that river as far as Widin. Here he disembarked, to superintend the work of universal destruction. Drakul having removed his women and children to places of safety, set out to meet his antagonist, with a force of seven, or, at the most, ten thousand horsemen; and, after he had personally explored the Turkish camp in disguise, fell upon it in the night, in the full confidence that his foes would observe their usual custom, and remain immovable on the spot where the decline of day had found them. The Wallachian horse, being provided with lanterns and pans of tar, rushed into the camp, and, at first, found the

assailed so completely transfixed with alarm and panic, as to be incapable of resistance. The night was passed in a chance-medley, rather of horses and camels, than of human combatants; and the morning dawn having shone upon the accumulating array of his foes, Drakul lost no time in withdrawing his followers, of whom, however, one thousand were brought in prisoners, and put to death upon the spot. One of these, being pressed to reveal the hiding-place of his commander, and replying that he was ready to die, but not to speak, Mahomet ordered him for instant execution, dryly remarking, that 'the man would have made the world ring with his exploits had he been at the head of an army.'

The Turkish host then advanced to the Voivode's capital, left it behind them without attempting to besiege it, and in their march beyond it entered a beautiful valley, where a spectacle of horror met their eyes, which the pen almost refuses to depict. Let the reader conceive to himself a whole forest of poles, two miles and a half long, and more than a mile broad; and each pole bending under the weight of one of the twenty thousand impaled or crucified Turks and Bulgarians, over whom the ruthless Drakul had raised, on a stake, elevated above all the rest, Hamsa-pasha, attired in silk and purple!‡ Children had been ranged around their mothers, and the fowls of the air had built their nests within their breasts! Mahomet, the tyrant, contemplated this dreadful scene with looks of amazement, and exclaimed, 'A man, who can do so great a deed as this, need stand in little fear of losing his domains, and the less so, as he knows how to make so admirable an use of his subjects and his territory;—yet,' he added, as if recoiling at the desperate recklessness of his own feelings, 'a man, who is capable of going to such a length as this, has slender claim to our esteem.'

Wlad, after annoying the outskirts of the Turkish army, directed his course into Moldavia, and of the six thousand men whom he left to observe Mahomet's movements, the heads of two thousand were set on pikes, and brought as trophies into the Ottoman camp. Having converted Wallachia into a desert, and commissioned Alibeg, the leader of his runners, to support Radul as its governor, the conqueror returned to Constantinople with a booty of two hundred thousand heads of cattle and horses. Drakul, on the other hand, had taken refuge in Hungary, where he was immured within the dungeons of Belgrade or Ofen, until after Mahomet's death, where he contrived to make his escape, resumed his savage career, together with the sovereignty of Wallachia, and, for the space of two years, ruled it with a demon's sway. His death proceeded from the dagger of one of his slaves; and his head, having been paraded by the Turks throughout the towns which had been witnesses of his enormities, Wallachia was finally incorporated with the Ottoman dominions.

THE JEW AND THE SAGE.

[The following interesting and moral narrative is translated by Mr. Thomas Taylor, from a work ascribed to Aristotle, entitled, 'Secreta Secretorum ad Alexandrum.' The treatise is doubtless spurious, and is probably the production of some Arabian, soon after the subjugation of the Greeks by the Caliph Omar.]

BE careful that the same thing may not happen to you, which happened to two men who are said to have been fellow travellers; one of whom was an Eastern Sage, but the other was a Jew. The Sage rode on a mule, which he had nourished in his own meadow, and which carried every thing necessary to the wants of a traveller. But the Jew was on foot, neither having food, nor other necessaries. While they conversed, therefore, on the road, the Sage said to the Jew, 'What is your law, and your belief?' The Jew answered, 'I believe that in Heaven there is one God, whom I adore, and from whom I hope good to my soul,

* Engel's History of Wallachia, pp. 178, 179. Bon-Dec. 3, lib. x., p. 532.

† Chalcondylas, ix. 159.

‡ Chalcondylas, ix. 162. Ducas, xlv. 195.

POPULAR SCIENCE.

'How charming is divine philosophy!
Not harsh and crabbed as dull fools suppose,
But musical as is Apollo's lute.'
MILTON'S *Paradise Regained*.

I. ANIMATED NATURE.

'And God said, let them have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over the cattle, and over all the earth, and over every creeping thing.'—*Genesis*.

1. ANIMAL MECHANICS.

Horn of the Sea Unicorn.—The horn, tusk, or whatever it may be called, of the sea-unicorn or narwhal, (*monodon monoceros*), has given rise to many conjectures among naturalists. The appearance of this is well known to the visitors of museums and collectors of curiosities. It consists of a taper piece of ivory, from five to fifteen feet long, hollow to within a few inches of the point, and marked with spiral convolutions, turning from right to left. It is peculiar to the male narwhal, but in females, as well as in young males, the rudiments of it may be found under the skin.

The habits of the narwhal are not sufficiently known to ascertain the use of this formidable instrument. The older naturalists adopted the vague opinion, that it was used to rake for food amongst the mud at the bottom of the sea; but as these animals always inhabit deep water, they could not survive under the immense pressure of the column of water resting on the bottom. Besides, if it were an indispensable instrument for procuring food, the female could not subsist without it. The most obvious use is as a defensive or offensive weapon; and Mr. Scoresby's objection to this opinion, that the females and young are without it, only serves to support it, as the male is their natural protector. We think the notion of Dr. Barclay of Edinburgh, that the horn is a mere sexual distinction, like the comb of the game cock or the lion's mane, is equally untenable.

It is much more probable to suppose, that the horn is used to pierce the thinner strata of ice, for the convenience of respiring, without the necessity of retreating into the open water.

2. ENTOMOLOGY.

Bees of Chamouni.—The honey of Chamouni is well known for its unrivalled richness and flavour, but it requires great care to manage the bees by which it is produced, in consequence of the uncertainty of the weather in the earlier portion of the year. The first fine day in spring tempts them to issue from their hives, without (as it would appear) any instinctive foresight of a probable change before they can return. The consequence is, that when the hives are left open, they fall down upon the snow, and perish by hundreds. Previous to experiment, it might appear easy to prevent such accidents by obstructing their egress from the hives; but when they have been shut up with this design, it is found that they are thrown into violent agitation, and beat themselves against the walls of the hives till they die. The only certain remedy hitherto discovered for the evil, is to carry them to the low country till the fine weather is confirmed.—(*Saussure, Voyages dans les Alpes*, iii. 745.)

Echoes not Injurious to Bees.—Virgil was of opinion that bees are injured when kept in the vicinity of an echo:

—aut ubi concava pulsus
Saxa sonant vocisque offensa resultat imago.

George iv. 51.

Mr. White of Selbourne, however, found that his bees thrived well in the midst of echoes, and were not even affected by a speaking trumpet.

3. CONCHOLOGY.

The Sea Snail.—The violet snail (*Helix santhina*) swims at liberty in the sea. It is furnished with four tentacula, or horns, and a membranaceous bag, consisting of a number of small bladders, which it inflates at pleasure, and is thus enabled to float on the surface of the water. This sea-snail possesses, besides, the property of emitting a phosphorescent light, and stains the hand of a rich purple colour, not easily removed. It is interesting to observe the movements of this pretty little shell when its inhabitant inflates its balloon to skim the surface of the billows in its fairy boat.

Boring Shells.—Several shells have the singular capability of boring the softer rocks of marble, and limestone, and reefs of coral, for the purpose, it should seem, of eluding their natural enemies. This habit is remarkable in some species of muscles, such as the *Mytilus lithophagus* and the *M. rugosus*.

4. ICHTHYOLOGY.

Chinese Mode of Fishing.—The Chinese catch fish by what may be called a sort of *daring*. They employ two strait boats, with a board painted white, and varnished, nailed to them. This is made to slope outwards, and almost touches the surface of the water, the colour of which it is made to take by the reflection of the light of the moon. Towards this the fish dart, fall on the board, and are caught without further trouble.

On taking down a lamp in a diving-bell, the diver is immediately surrounded with a multitude of fishes, attracted thither by the light.

Salmon in Kamtschatka.—Every species of salmon in Kamtschatka is said to die in the same river or lake in which it was produced, and to which it returns to spawn. In the third year of their age they begin to spawn, forming holes, by means of their tails and fins, in the sand, in which their spawn is deposited. After this they pine away and die. It is also said that fish of one year's growth remain near the spawn to guard it from depredation, and return to the sea with the newly hatched fry in November. The guarding of the spawn by yearlings, however, being contrary to the usual course of things, seems to us very doubtful.

5.—ORPHOLOGY.

The Red Viper of Dorsetshire.—The Rev. Mr. Rackett informs us, that a serpent, known to the gamekeepers of Dorsetshire under the name of the Red Viper, was recently killed in Cranbourne Chase. It does not appear to have been previously known to British naturalists. It is considered to be more poisonous than the common viper, but is fortunately very rare. Mr. Rackett describes it as of a marked red colour, and thinks it probably the *Coluber Chersa* of Linneus.

6.—ORNITHOLOGY.

Hawks and Cock-chafers.—The Kestrel, (*Falco tinnunculus*), one of our most common British hawks, does not, as is usually supposed, prey chiefly on small birds, but upon field mice, which it discovers by its keen eye among the grass, and pounces upon them unerringly. It only takes birds when mice cannot be had. It also makes an occasional supper of cock-chafers; for a gentleman informed Mr. Selby that he watched a kestrel one evening through a glass, hawking amongst a flight of cock-chafers, and, having shot it, he found its stomach filled with their remains.

Carolina Parrots poison Cats.—It is said that the intestines of the Carolina parrot (*Psittacus Carolinensis*) are an instantaneous poison to cats.

7. MAZOLGY.

Artifice of the Glutton.—The quadruped, which from its habit of gorging itself with food, has received the appellation of Glutton, is reported by a writer in 'The Gazette Litteraire' (not 'The Literary Gazette') to use the following artifice. It carries with it to the thick branches of a tree, a quantity of the moss (*Cenomyce rangiferinus*) upon which the deer of Kamtschatka feed, and after dropping portions of the moss as a bait, the glutton waits patiently till some incautious deer stops to feed upon it, when it darts down from its lurking-place upon its victim. It is said to master horses in a similar manner.

8. ANTHROPOLOGY.

Influence of Climate.—The opinion is as old as Plato, (vide 'Republ.' lib. iv.) that climate exercises an influence over human dispositions. He gives as examples the inhabitants of Thrace, Scythia, and similar elevated regions, who are extremely irascible and quarrelsome. The climate of Phœnicia and Egypt, he judged, on the same principles, to produce a love of riches; and that of Attica a love of wisdom. How much these must have changed in character, supposing Plato's opinion to have been correct.

Chinese Method of Dunning.—When a debtor refuses payment in China, the creditor, as a last resource, threatens to carry off the door of his house on the first day of the year. This is accounted the greatest misfortune that could happen, as in that case there would be no obstruction to the entrance of evil genii. To avoid this consummation, a debtor not unfrequently sets fire to his house on the last night of the year.

II. NON-ANIMATED NATURE.

'The meaneast flow'et of the vale,
The simplest sound that swells the gale,
The common sun—the air—the skies—
To him are opening Paradise.'
GRAY.

1. VEGETABLE MECHANICS.

Extraordinary Climbing Plant.—The cogue of Chili is one of the most extraordinary climbing plants ever noticed by naturalists. It is not, like the hop, convolvulus, or the vine, contented with the support afforded

and also remuneration to those who accord with me in my law. And my belief is this, that it is lawful for me to slay, and take the money and property of him who disagrees with me in my belief, and likewise to destroy his wife, his parents, and his children.* And, besides this, I should be reviled, if I were either to assist, or pity, or spare him.

Afterwards the Jew said to the Sage, Now show to me what your law is, and give me accurate information concerning it, and concerning your belief. To whom the Sage answered, my belief and my law are as follow: In the first place, I wish well to myself and to my offspring, and I am unwilling that evil should befall any thing produced by Divinity, or any one who does not follow my law, and who differs from me in the belief of it. I likewise believe that equity and pity should be observed towards every living thing. No injury pleases me. And it also appears to me, that if any evil befalls any living being, the same evil may likewise happen to, and disturb me; and I wish that prosperity, health, and safety, may be the lot of all men universally.

The Jew then said, But how would you act if any one injured and offended you? To this the Sage replied, I know that there is a just, good, and wise God in the heavens, from whom nothing that may be latent (to us) in his productions is concealed; who remunerates the worthy according to their deeds, but bad men and transgressors according to their transgressions.

To whom the Jew: Why do you not observe your law, and confirm your belief by your deeds? The Sage replied, How is this to be effected? The Jew answered, 'Behold I am one of the same race as yourself, and you see me walking, fatigued, and hungry, while you are riding on a mule, have had plenty of food, and are at rest.' To this the Sage replied, It is true; and, descending from his mule, he opened his wallet, gave him meat and drink, and made him ride on the mule. But after the Jew was well fixed in the saddle, he spurred the mule, and hastily left the Sage. Then the Sage began to vociferate, and said, Wait for me, because I am weary.' The Jew replied, 'Did I not indicate to you my law, and the condition of it? and I wish to confirm it conformably to what I have said. He then hastily departed with the mule. The Sage, however, following the footsteps of the Jew, said to him, 'O Jew, do not leave me in the desert, lest I should happen to be destroyed by lions, or should perish through hunger and grievous thirst. Be compassionate to me, as I have been to you.' The Jew, however, neither looked behind him nor paid attention to what the Sage said; but did not cease spurring the mule till he was no longer visible. When the Sage, therefore, despaired of overtaking him, he recollected the perfection of his law and belief, and also what he had said to the Jew; viz., that there is a just Judge in the heavens, from whom nothing is concealed that may happen to the beings he has produced. Raising his head, therefore, to the heavens, he said, 'My God, thou knowest that I have believed in thee and in thy law, and that I have sanctified thee in thy precepts as thou hast commanded. Confirm, therefore, to the Jew the praise which I have given thee.' Having thus said, the Sage had not proceeded far when, behold, he found the Jew prostrate, having been thrown from the mule, with one of his legs fractured, and his neck injured. But the mule stood opposite to him, and, seeing the Sage, knew his master, to whom he approached, as being his nourisher.

The Sage, therefore, riding on him, departed, leaving the Jew in the agonies of death. But the Jew called on him, and said, 'Most dear brother, have pity on me—I have fractured my leg and am dying. I am in want of pious assistance, therefore pity me, and observe your law, which has given you the victory over me.' Then the Sage began to reproach him, and said, 'You have behaved most wickedly towards me, and left me without pity.' To whom the Jew replied, 'Do not reproach me for a thing that is past, because I have showed to you what I said and did is conformable to my law, and my belief, in which I have been nurtured; and my parents and ancestors have persevered in the observance of this law.' Then the Sage, commiserating his condition, fixed him on the mule, brought him to his destined place, and delivered him to his own nation. But in a few days after this the Jew expired. The king of the city, therefore, (to which the Jew was travelling,) having heard what the Sage had done, ordered him to be brought before him, and made him his porter, on account of his deeds and the excellence of his law, at the same time giving praise to his God.

* For gemetores here, it is obviously necessary to read gemetores.—T. T.

by a single tree, but when it has reached the top of one, it shoots down again and in a short time attains the summit of another. Proceeding in this manner, it has been known to extend over a space of more than two hundred yards. The toughness and pliability of its stems render them valuable for making baskets, and even cables.

2. BOTANY.

Evergreens.—All the trees of Abyssinia, (indeed of all tropical countries) are evergreen, and bear fruits and blossoms all the year round. The same branch, however, only bears once a year. It has been remarked, that the order of bearing follows the points of the compass; first, the west branches—then the south—succeeded by the north—and, lastly, by the east. Our own holly bears berries and blossoms at the same time, as well as our strawberry tree, (*arbutus unedo*), and other evergreens; but we are doubtful whether the branches bear in the order recorded of the Abyssinian evergreens.

3. MINERALOGY.

Analysis of Pitkathley Water.—Dr. Thomson, of Glasgow, in his valuable paper on the Mineral Waters of Scotland, has given the following account, by the late Dr. Murray, of the celebrated wells of Pitkathley. A wine gallon, according to this analysis, contains

	Grains.
Muriate of soda, (common salt) . . .	107.2
Muriate of lime . . .	156.0
Sulphate of lime, (Paris plaster) . . .	7.2
Carbonate of lime, (chalk) . . .	4.0

274.4

The proportion of muriate of lime, the Doctor is of opinion, may possibly render it better adapted to certain diseases than the waters of Dumblane or Airthrey.

4. GEOLOGY.

Fanciful System.—Dr. Halley imagined that the globe of the earth, the exterior crust of which is alone known to us, may have another habitable world within it, with a system of subterranean luminaries, resembling those which yield light to our upper world, but necessarily moving within a smaller sphere!!!

Origin of Coal.—It was supposed by Dr. Hutton, the author of the Huttonian system, that all our beds of coal are nothing more than the condensed smoke of the antediluvian ages; the particles of soot having, according to him, been carried into the sea by rains and rivers,—deposited in beds at the bottom,—subsequently covered with beds of sand and gravel, and the whole first melted by subterranean heat, and then casied and hardened upon emerging above the waters. If this be, sooth, what extensive beds of coal must now be forming in the estuary of the Thames!

5. METEOROLOGY.

Fall of leaves from the clouds.—In Virginia, Mr. Clayton informs us, there are frequent whirlwinds of little force and small dimensions—usually two or three yards in diameter, which skim along the ground in a whisking course, according to the motion of the cloud whence they proceed. As they move along, they whirl aloft the dry leaves which they meet with into the air, and these frequently fall again in places far remote. Mr. Clayton has seen them in a calm sunny day, descending as if they had come from the clouds, in showers so copious as to darken the air, and from a height as great as he could distinguish a leaf. The phenomenon furnished to an honest tar irrefragable proof of a world above.

6. OPTICS.

Visible magnitude altered by temperature.—M. Le Cat, in his ingenious work on the senses, remarks that objects appear smaller in cold frosty weather, and, of course, larger during the warm days of summer and autumn, provided that the sun does not shine bright. He accounts for this from the pupil of the eye being considerably contracted by cold as well as by bright light, and relaxed by heat and diminished light.

7. ASTRONOMY.

Joshua commanding the Sun to stand still.—The astronomical difficulties of the miracle recorded in Joshua x., 12, 13, are proposed to be solved by Dr. Ladd, by translating,—"And Joshua spoke to Aaleim the day when Aaleim delivered up the Amorites to Israel; and Joshua said, before Israel, 'Sun! be thou silent upon Gibeon, and thou, O Moon! in the vale of Ajalon.' And the sun was silent, and the moon stayed after the people were avenged of their enemies. Shall not this be written in the book of Jasher, that the sun was silent (i. e. astonished) in the midst of Heaven, and hastened not during a whole day."

American Museum.

III.—USEFUL ARTS.

1. AGRICULTURE.

Manure for wheat.—In an address delivered before the Dorchester Agricultural Society, by Dr. Muse, the President, it was stated that animal manures are peculiarly necessary for wheat crops, because gluten, the characteristic proximate principle of wheat, contains nitrogen, which assimilates it to animal bodies. We think this is a refinement in agricultural chemistry which will be found of little practical utility. A few good experiments would be worth a million of such theoretical conjectures.

2. GARDENING.

Prevention of the Ravages of Snails.—It is stated, in 'The Gardener's Magazine,' if we mistake not, that the most effective preservative of scarlet runners, French beans, &c., from the ravages of snails and slugs, is to sow radishes between the rows,—the snails and slugs being said to prefer the young radishes to the beans. We have tried the experiment without success,—our radishes are at this moment untouched, while our beans are, night after night, selected for a supper-salad by the depredators.

3. MECHANICS.



Improved Pedometer.—Mr. Harris, the ingenious optician of Holborn, has constructed a pedometer on an improved principle, of which we have here given an engraving. The apparatus is contrived to indicate the distance travelled on the principle of registering the number of steps. The box containing the wheel-work, is made of the size of a watch-case, and goes into the fob or breeches pocket; and by means of a brass lever fastened to the thigh, the number of steps which the wearer takes in his regular paces are registered from the action of the lever upon the internal wheel-work at every step, to the amount of 30,000. It is necessary to ascertain the distance walked, that the average length of one pace be previously known, and that multiplied by the number of steps registered on the dial-plate, will give the distance required.

By a similar apparatus, called a *way-wiser*, attached to the wheel of a carriage, the distance travelled may be accurately ascertained. Both forms of the apparatus are made by Harris, No. 50, High Holborn.

M. LE BAWON D'ECKSTEIN

Has just published a pamphlet at Paris, 'De l'Etat Actuel des Affaires.' It is composed with wit and knowledge, but is full of Germanisms in style, and is neither precise in statement or consistent in argument.

THE DRAMA.

King's Theatre.—Saturday.

As visitors of the Opera, and fully sensible of the merits of Mademoiselle Sontag, we have felt rather nervous during the early part of the week, in consequence of the reported sudden indisposition of the lady. Of this untoward event we were not aware, until we had undergone, on Tuesday, the usual mobbing of the doors; a nightly ordeal, which is now somewhat diminished by the novel and curious labyrinth constructed in the vestibule; in the interior, a pretty general sprinkling of bills made us speedily sensible of our misfortune. The opera of 'Semiramide,' effectively performed, might have proved some consolation, but was evidently ordered out at a very short notice; Mademoiselle Brambilla replaced Madame Schutz in the character of Arsace, and considerable portions, particularly of the second act, were wholly omitted. Our increasing anxiety for Mademoiselle Sontag's recovery was by no means lessened by the report of her complaint, lying more against the avidity of the manager than in any physical disorganisation; the latter rumour we felt more disposed to credit, from the many instances within our personal knowledge of the parsimony of the present direction, contrasted with the traits of liberality we have heard to the honour of the fair vocalist. In this state of uncertainty, our fears for the lady's health were effectually set at rest, by a glimpse of a countenance, more smiling than the weather at Ascot; and the large bill, which, from the uncertainty in Opera affairs, we always look for with avidity on the day previous to a performance, gave us perfect relief in the announcement of Otello, for this evening, embodying both Madame Pasta and Mademoiselle Sontag.

The Opera in its present cast, with the additional aid of Zuchelli, in a subordinate character, has been twice performed for the separate benefits of the two *prime donne*. Our report of the first of these performances may not have appeared as ample as usual, inasmuch as we have hitherto held benefits to be extra-judicial, partly from the occasional *bizarries* of the night, but chiefly from the constant ill-advised attempts at entirely new lines of character by the candidates for universal suffrage; these exhibitions do not, therefore, properly speaking, come within the pale of criticism. Madame Pasta had the modesty to denominate the assumption of the part of Otello an 'attempt,' for ourselves, we confess we felt greater anxiety as to the success of Mademoiselle Sontag in that of Desdemona; the latter lady having, however, commenced her re-engagement by a third and regular performance of the part, we shall deliberately state our candid opinion of the respective qualifications of the ladies for the two characters, alike new to a British audience.

Of the musical execution of the part of Otello, we are bound to speak in unqualified terms of praise. Madame Pasta's tones were as much crisper, in comparison with those of her predecessor, as they fell short in that particular quality on a recent assumption of one of Velluti's characters; but the intonation was ever true, and her portions of the concerted pieces were most effectively thrown out,—nay, occasionally almost too powerfully. In the stanza of her opening air, 'Frenno maggior di questo,' which our readers may recollect, from the beauty of the accompaniment, she was particularly successful, although, in the latter portion of the same piece, the Moor and the chorus did not perfectly understand each other. Her duets with Iago and Rodrigo were also delightfully executed. Curioni, it is true, had his eyes shut during the greater portion of the challenge, until Madame Pasta roused, if not her antagonist, at least the attention of the house to the fullest pitch of admiration. From what we have briefly stated, it will be easily gathered that the part of Otello could scarcely find a better representative. We certainly were not surprised by those extraordinary bursts of passion or of feeling which we naturally look for in any new character which Madame Pasta undertakes; but it was a meritorious, and, throughout, satisfactory performance, which, notwithstanding the heaviness and length of the Opera, will we have no doubt, be often repeated.

We have more than once expressed our anxiety as to the success of Mademoiselle Sontag, in the character of Desdemona; we are, however, happy to say, that our fears for her reputation have been groundless. Her delineation and execution of the character is of that correct and studied cast, that, although not likely to add considerably, it will certainly not diminish her deserved fame in this country. Of an improvement, in respect of softness and chastened intonation, we felt remarkably sensible; the harshness to which we have occasionally adverted, seemed almost to have dis-

appeared, except, perhaps, in the latter portion of the trio, in the second act, where we could not but notice a most disagreeable stress of voice. Whether this character has been particularly studied under the *Grand Maître* at Paris, we know not, but her execution has been, throughout, more a *l'Italienne* than in any previous character. The first recitative was as effective as any portion of the Opera; the last line of it was embellished by some exquisitely soft passages. In the following air, the same description of ornament was more frequently introduced, but that exquisite motive, 'Lungi languendo,' had little effect, notwithstanding the innumerable ascending and descending divisions towards the close, in this instance they reminded us of Gray's characteristic of a Gothic building—

'And passages that lead to nothing.'

Mademoiselle Sontag's happiest efforts were decidedly in the latter portion of the second act; whether we notice the bravura execution in 'Barbara ciel ti ranno,' the touching and feeling entreaty in 'L'error d'un infelice,' or the imploring and distracted action throughout the remainder of the finale, we must do this young lady the justice to state, that the recollection of Madame Pasta in the character was temporarily obliterated. In the long bed-room scene, her *physique* was rarely equal to the varied and conflicting emotions; the invocation to her father, 'Oh padre! ah che mai fidi,' was affecting and energetically sung, but, in general, a tameness pervaded her portion of the scene, which the recollections of the thrilling action of her immediate predecessor, rendered doubly perceptible. Of female costume we always speak *avec respect*; we shall, therefore, not stop to inquire whether Desdemona ought to be dressed *à la Pasta*, in white, or *à la Sontag*, in black, the which we believe to be the most prevailing colour among Venetian ladies; but we cannot, as admirers of Mademoiselle Sontag's personal, as well as musical, qualifications, pass over her *Parian* *colfure*, without entering our protest against the want of keeping and congeniality with the character betrayed in its arrangement; its peculiarity to our ideas was such, that on her subsequent appearance in an undress, we should, as strangers, not have recognised the same individual: but, enough—Mademoiselle Sontag's performance of Desdemona may be classed with that of Donna Anna, as a well-studied and correct portraiture of feelings, which in other hands might be susceptible of a far greater degree of intensity.

Curioni's Rodrigo is a jewel, after the tones of Signor Torri. He executes all the solos in a neat and *molto-belle* style, occasionally dropping, to judge by his countenance, into a state of somnambulism; still he is, probably, the best Rodrigo we shall see, and, certainly, the most useful member of the present establishment.

Notwithstanding the previous performances, the quartetto, nay, even the chorusses, were often not together. There are some trifling alterations in the libretto and scenery, which need not be particularised.

NEW MUSIC.

1. *Ten Ariettes*, arranged, with an Accompaniment for the Spanish Guitar. By Miss Stark. The Ariettes Selected from MSS. in her possession.—2. *Twelve Ariettes*, with a Piano-forte Accompaniment. The Ariettes Selected from MSS. in possession of the Publisher. Miss Stark. Preston, 71, Dean Street, Soho. London, 1828.

THESE are very elegant and agreeable publications, and do much credit to the Lady to whom we are indebted for them. Notwithstanding the multitude of such works, and the consequently hackneyed character of many beautiful Italian airs, which have been served, *ad nauseam*, the present selections have the very uncommon charm of novelty. The greater number of the melodies are new to us, and we think, will be found to be equally new to the public. They are, at the same time, remarkably beautiful, and full of that graceful simplicity and expressive sweetness, which distinguish the native strains of Italy from those of all other nations. The poetry of some of the songs may, at first sight, present something of a stumbling-block to our young virtuoso, being couched in the Neapolitan and Venetian dialects; but there is nothing rare in this difficulty which consists merely in a few peculiarities of spelling, and a few grotesque words, the meaning of which may easily be guessed at. A tolerable Italian scholar can have no difficulty in understanding the meaning of those verses; and there is a *naïveté*, a Doric character about some, which would be ill exchanged for the present Italian idiom. They are perfectly smooth, and delightfully suited to the character of the melodies. There are also two or three French songs, which (excepting

the 'Petit Tambour,' and that is somewhat too common) are new to us, and have the characteristic spirit of our lively neighbours.

These remarks are equally applicable to both the publications of which we have quoted the titles. The accompaniments for the guitar, in the first of them, show a perfect acquaintance with the powers of that elegant instrument. Though they require a light and brilliant finger, yet they are free from unnecessary and unmeaning difficulties; and, though simple, yet they are by no means meagre in respect to modulation and harmony. The accompaniments for the piano-forte, in the other selection, will be found to be judicious and satisfactory. And, on the whole, these little volumes cannot fail to be highly acceptable, as being additional, and very pure specimens of the finest national music in the world.

'I'd be a Dove,' written by Harry Stoe Van Dyk. Composed by John Barnett. Mayhew. 2s.

A very pretty ballad, (in G 2-4 time,) written within the compass of E upon the first line, and its octave above. A pleasing simplicity pervades the whole, which is assisted by an unusual modulation into the subdominant of the key in the second strain.

'The Shamrock,' a Rondo for the Piano-forte, composed and dedicated to Miss Fanny Hunt, by J. A. Moralt. Cramer and Co., 2s. 6d.

We are most happy also to speak in terms of commendation of Moralt's very desirable trifle. It is extremely expressive, tasteful, and well imagined. An allegretto movement (in E flat 2-4 time) which may be accomplished by a Piano-forte player of moderate acquirements with little trouble; and whatever industry may be bestowed upon it, will be amply repaid.

Three Italian Ariettes, by Asioli, arranged with an accompaniment for the Guitar, and respectfully inscribed to the Hon. Miss Arundell, by J. A. Nüske. Ewer and Johanning. 2s. 6d.

We have had the pleasure of noticing Nüske (in the *Athenæum*, No. 23, page 364) as a very superior writer, performer and teacher of the Guitar, and we now repeat that 'all who have had the good fortune to witness his performance, have experienced singular delight, not unmixed with astonishment at the remarkably excellent arrangement of harmonies produced by him, upon an instrument apparently so inapplicable to the purpose.' The publication now reviewed, being only an adaptation of vocal music, with an accompaniment for the Guitar, does not afford that scope for criticism which an original composition would, but still the publication evinces great talents. The ariettes are as follow: No. 1. 'Ah che il destino;' (an adagio in G 3-4 time); No. 2. 'Chi sento intorno al core' (an allegro in C, common time); No. 3. 'Se resto sullido' (an allegretto in C, 3-8 time.) The leading fingering is occasionally marked, and the whole is admirably arranged.

The Echoes, a Canonet, written to an admired Air by C. M. Von Weber, the words by William Ball, most respectfully inscribed to Miss Caroline Keen. Chap-pel. 1s. 6d.

This is the pleasing cavatina, in Euryanthe, composed by Weber for Madlle. Sontag, and is a very expressive, clever and scientific *sporceaux*. Although abounding in modulation, yet it still exhibits a simple and pleasing melody, qualities which demand and deserve applause when judiciously united. The words, being written for the music, evince ingenuity, and are 'wedded' to it. And the Aria is *andantino*, (in C 2-4 time,) within the same moderate compass of the two E's as the song at the head of this review, 'I'd be a Dove.'

Dressler's Selection of Beauties, with embellishments for the Flute, dedicated to Amateurs. (No. 5.) Cocks and Co. 3s.

The fifth number presents the following agreeable variety, viz.—No. 1. A Romanza (in B flat, common time) by Berbiguier. No. 2. An interesting and simple German air (in D, also common time) with four variations by Dressler. No. 3. A Swiss air, (of the Rayner school), an *andante ad libitum* in C. No. 4. A German allegretto, (in D, 2-4) embellished by the editor. No. 5. A shewy and well written solo (in C) by Köhler. No. 6. 'Sul margine d'un rio,' (in C). No. 7. Mozart's Romanza, an *adagio* (in D, 3-4 time). No. 8. A waltz, (in C) with variations by Gabrielsky. No. 9 is an ingenious romanza, an *adagio molto*, (in E minor) as a duett, by Dressler, recommended as peculiarly

adapted for the improvement of tone, and the book is concluded by six useful and well written preludes, by Gabrielsky.

Original Thema, with Variations for the Piano-forte, composed and dedicated to Charles Neate, Esq., by his pupil, Charles Salaman, op. 1. Cramer and Co. 3s.

This commencing work of a young composer, deserves favourable notice, for many reasons. 'The Thema,' (although not particularly original) is clever and pleasing, and is an *andante* (in F, common time) between a march, and a slow hornpipe of the old school, the characteristics of which, are bars with syncopations, and those with dotted quavers alternately, being quite English. The variations keep up the style and mannerism of the 'Thema' with propriety, and without any striking attempts at novelty, are deserving of praise from their unpretending nature. The fifth variation is marked in 12-16 time (rather affectedly and erroneously) instead of 6-8 time; and the author should form two bars into one, to become the obsolete and unusual time he indicates. It then should be marked 24-16, agreeing with the metre and rhythm of his theme, similarly to Handel's original edition of his 'Harmonious Blacksmith.'

ENGRAVINGS.

The Young Recruit, engraved by A. Duncan, after a Painting by J. Thom, of Edinburgh. Moon, Boys, and Graves. London, 1828.

THE subject of this print is an interesting one. An old Scotch Soldier, who has lost a leg in the service of his country, is represented sitting in his cottage, surrounded by his family, and teaching one of his infant sons the manual and platoon exercise. The Young Recruit appears to have caught all the military ardour and enthusiasm of his father, and in his attitude and expression, seems to be 'every inch a soldier.' The mother looks on with evident delight, and the elder brother gives also an approving smile. All the accessories of the picture are most appropriate: and the engraving, which is in the line manner, is very clearly and skillfully executed.

The Fishes of Ceylon, Drawn from Living Specimens. By J. M. Bennett, Esq. No. 11. Longman and Co. London, 1828.

In a recent Number of 'The Athenæum' are noticed the First Part of this interesting work, and we are glad to see the Second Part fully maintaining the character there given of the undertaking. The Number now before us contains Four Drawings of Ceylon Fishes, coloured from the life: and not merely to the natural historian, but to the lover of the curious and the beautiful, the specimens are such as cannot fail to be highly interesting and acceptable.

Illustrations of Virginia Water, and the adjacent Scenery, celebrated as the favourite and frequent Retreat of his most gracious Majesty, in a Series of Views, from Sketches made on the spot. By W. A. Delanotte, jun. Drawn on stone, by W. Gucci. Bulcock. London, 1828.

The First Number of this work has just appeared. It is intended to be completed in three parts, each containing four plates, price 7s. 6d. per Number, or 10s. 6d. for India proofs; the size of both being Imperial 4to. The vignette, in the engraved title, gives a distant view of Windsor Castle, with the river Thames, and the villas, lawns, and shrubberies, on its banks; with a foreground of Grecian architectural fragments. The first view is of the Artificial Ruins at Virginia-water, seen from the Dry Arch, looking down on vistas of trees towards the lake. The second is of the High Bridge going across the lake, with the rising upland in the distance; and the third is of the Cascade falling over masses of rock, and bordered by appropriate wood. They are all pleasing views, and have the great charm of novelty; as, from the great privacy observed and enjoined by his Majesty respecting this favourite spot, we believe it has hitherto been extremely difficult to obtain any but the most hurried and partial views of the scenery. A good series like this was, therefore, a desideratum, which, we doubt not, will well repay the undertaking.

Law, from an Original Picture, by Edmund Bristow, of Windsor. Drawn on Stone, by C. J. D. Harding. Flint, Burlington Arcade. London, 1828.

This is another print of the Monkeyana kind, representing a monkey holding the scales of justice, and two quarrelling cats before him, as plaintiff and defendant.

There is some humour in the design, and the drawing and engraving are both excellent.

Atlas of Ancient Geography. Dedicated, by permission, to the Rev. Dr. Russell, Head Master of the Charter-House School. In 4to. Parts, price 10s. 6d. each. J. Vincent. Oxford, 1828.

We cannot speak too highly of this excellent publication. We have looked carefully into the maps of those portions of the globe, with the ancient as well as modern geography of which we are best acquainted, and have found them free from many of the errors which disfigure even the best authorities that preceded them; while, besides the excellent execution of the maps themselves, the illustrative plans and views of the several places and objects treated of by the ancient historians, give great additional value to the work. The atlas is intended to contain upwards of seventy quarto plates, and its price not to exceed three guineas. If the remaining Numbers be of equal merit to the two now before us, (which we have no doubt we shall be able to announce when they come before us,) it will deserve, and we hope enjoy, the patronage and approbation of the public at large.

VARIETIES.

SELECTED FROM ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS OF CONTINENTAL CORRESPONDENTS.

METTERNICH, TASSO, AND ROSSINI.

IT is well for the world that the means by which wickedness would too often attain its ends are so blended with all that is contemptible and ridiculous, that indignation and laughter are alternately excited, and that our sorrow is by turns relieved by the signs of joy, although the feeling be really denied us. It is a far more grateful ordination of Providence, as society is constituted, that vice is generally attended by folly; and that the most iniquitous designs fail of their effect, in a great measure, by the fatuity or blindness of those with whom they have birth. While the principles of Legitimacy and of the Holy Alliance reigned triumphant, and no obstacle appeared to the free exercise of tyranny and oppression, Austria, with the will, possessed the power of warring with knowledge, and suppressing the expression of all the better aspirations of men subjected to her rule. She could unopposedly aid the hordes of Arabs in their endeavour to exterminate the Greeks; she could, without a murmur of complaint or discontent on the part of the afflicted, crush, with the iron hand of power, the hopes of Italians; she might threaten, if she dared not openly to invade, the long-existing liberties of Switzerland; she might, despising the world's mockery, even deprive Sir Robert Wilson of his honours,—forbid Lord Holland entrance on her territories, and anathematize (in terms as civil as those of 'The Quarterly Review') the productions of Lady Morgan; but when circumstances have changed so fearfully to her prejudice as they have now done, when the tocsin of war has been sounded at her very gates, when the dark shadows of coming events warn her to be prepared against the hour of trial, and to ward off the mighty mischief, the elements of which repose as yet in her proper bosom, it would have been expected, that the chains of those on whom she must ultimately depend for safety, might have been relaxed; or, if a return to charity were as wholly uncongenial to her nature as denied by her past policy, that the hardships of her sway would have been pursued with the same energy, but with more dignity—and that the ferocious action of the tiger might have been substituted for the harmful but mirth-sharing gambols of the ape. But, no! Pantaloon is still allowed his laugh, and the Milanese his sneer; the very slaves of power feel their dignity as men enhanced by a contemplation of the absurdity of their rulers; and, by comparison, own a superiority equal to what the most intellectual of Rome might have confessed in himself to the horse of Caligula, or the bold and fearless Swede to the boot of his wandering master.

The Opera of 'The Siege of Corinth,' the music of which is of Rossini's composition, was but lately announced for representation at the principal Theatre of Venice, and every exertion made by the Managers to do honour to the splendid production, and to gratify the popular taste; but, on the eve of performance, the intervention of Government forbade its performance. If the interdiction were apparently uncalled for, the Venetians had been too often accustomed to the caprice of the authorities to be greatly astonished; but speculation on the motives of their master was at least permitted them, if expressed with that decorum which the

fitness of things in a well ordered state demanded: yet Italian ingenuity itself was, for once, wholly foiled; and, in their perplexity, the disappointed Managers had the hardihood to solicit, in humility, information as to the cause of offence they or the author had unintentionally given. The reply was really too ridiculous for Italian nerves, imposed upon as they were by Austrian gravity. The story was of Greece—certainly not of Greece at this day,—and also in the opera,

'Corinth's sons were downward borne;'

Yet, 'they live in the verse that immortality saves,' and 'many an Othman mother wept.' So it would not do; and the managers might just as well have read aloud 'The Morning Chronicle,' Dr. Paley's 'Evidences of Christianity,' or their countryman Father Paolo's 'History of the Council of Trent,' as dare to bring forward the Anti-Moslem Opera. Lord Cochrane, Royer Collard, or his Majesty of Bavaria, would have been equally acceptable to the taste of legitimacy. The poor Managers, disciplined as they had been, scarcely anticipated this *coup d'état*, but they had learned, by bitter experience, that remonstrance was treasonable, and supplication ineffectual. The expenses they had incurred taught them not to be improperly fastidious, and nature's mother-wit, was called into action by the dictates of a hard necessity. The proposition they made was actually acceded to with pleasure by the authorities; the self-imposed provisions of the Manager on the performance not only admitted but applauded, and the piece appeared. What, think you, that the provisions were? The title of the piece was changed to that of 'The Siege of Grenada.' The Grand Vizier became at once the Catholic King Ferdinand of Spain; Minotte, the Governor of Corinth, was metamorphosed into Aboon-Abdallah, the last of the Moorish Monarchs of Grenada; a compliment here to Isabella and the Inquisition, and there to Arab valour and Saracenic refinement, rendered the opera not only palatable, but desirable as a vehicle of instruction; and, for once, the rulers and the ruled were equally content.

To this farce another succeeded, scarcely inferior in point and effect. An Italian (I believe a native of Ferrara) had recently written an opera, entitled 'Tasso,' in honour of him who 'poured his spirit over Palestine.' The music had been all composed, and the piece ready for representation, while Italian prudence had been largely exerted to avoid the introduction of names, or other expressions which, by the most remote probability, could be offensive even to the light-laced Pasha of Italy. It was, however, as angrily as imperatively forbidden to be performed, published, or read. The author (if he be wise, and will venture to move without his passports) may be on his way to England; for his punishment will, without doubt, be eventually as severe as his crime was inexplicable. Tasso had been beloved by a Princess of the House of Este, and it was as publicly as ostentatiously announced, 'that the mention of his name was an offence to the Imperial Family.' It is still true, 'that the children of this world are in their generation wiser than the children of light.'

FRANCE AND ENGLAND.

If there were one point more than another on which the French so long and so reasonably prided themselves, on comparison with the English, it was their gastronomic science, and the perfection to which they had attained in the culinary art. The glories of the *Grand Monarque*, the victories of Napoleon, *La Charte* itself, and the exit of M. de Villèle, were circumstances 'light as air' in comparison with the cook's discoveries they might boast, until, in an evil hour, the defection of an Ude, from the *savourey* land of his birth, and the mighty inventions of a *Kitchener*, threatened to turn the scale in favour of ourselves, and enable us to look a *fricandeau*, a *ragout*, or a *dubé*, in the face, without the necessity of blushing for our ignorance, but, on the contrary, congratulating ourselves on our superiority. This was too much by *Very*. Strasbourg, Orleans, Tours, and Toulouse, all and every place in France which has contributed to the *gourmandise* of the metropolis, took the alarm, and it was resolved at once, and amply, to avenge the injured honour of their country. 'L'Architecture des Patés' has been just announced for publication, in a large volume, adorned with 125 plates, by Monsieur *Carême*. This is no puff. *Carême* (having little to do with eating, as his name purports) has generously devoted his talents to benefit his compatriots; a beefsteak-pie of the Doric Order, a pigeon of the Ionic, and a pullet of the Corinthian, are now the order of the day. Pork patties, *à la Gothique*, and oyster *à la Mosque*, are coming into fashion; *buse shaft*, or *capital* are pointed out to your choice, and a new order of eating has been happily established.

MADAME DE GENLIS.

'Les Soupers de la Maréchale de Luxembourg' have appeared from the pen of *La Comtesse*. It is composed of her reminiscences of the virtuous period of the *Paras Cerfs*; and, sacrificing truth at the altar of the idols of the olden time, she vaunts the character of those better days, and hesitates not to hold up *La Maréchale*, the *Comtesse de Boufflers*, and others of her ancient acquaintance, as patterns of good taste, genuine piety, and correct feeling, to the degenerate females of our own age. As Madame de Genlis has announced herself as a zealous opponent of all liberal institutions, and the determined enemy to the affording instruction to those in humble life; and as she refers to the past in evidence of the justice of her views, it is but fair to reduce to fact, what the *Comtesse* advances on speculation, disgusting, although it be to re-open the apophthegms of rottenness and corruption at her invitation. The *Maréchale de Luxembourg*, (who was the daughter of the Duc de Villeroy, the tutor of Louis XV.) married the *Duc de Boufflers*; but a few days had scarcely elapsed from the sacraments of the church having sanctioned their union, ere they contrived to introduce into her house, her former lover, *M. de Finarçon*, where he remained some time in the disguise of a *laquais*, until his mistress became wearied of his attentions, when he was displaced, to make way for another lover; and, at length, such was the gross unblushing profligacy of her life, that actors, valets, and porters, openly, as truly, boasted of her favours—She died intoxicated. The *Comtesse de Boufflers* was first the avowed mistress of the *Maréchal de Duras*, and subsequently of the *Prince de Conti*, and others; but let us spare our readers the details of infamy and vice, which *Madame de Genlis* has not cared to evoke; or we might pursue the revolting score, 'the diapason closing full' in one who, on the bed of sickness and ready for the tomb—with *Les Heures* in one hand and the pen in the other—pronounced by Jesuits, and flattered by *ultras*—lays the flattering unction to her soul of forgetfulness of her own misdeeds, and holds forth, for the admiration and imitation of the world, those who disgraced it living, and are remembered with feelings of shame and horror when dead.

THE OSAGE OF AQUITAINE.

All who have of late frequented the Palais Royal, at Paris, must have remarked the very singular personage who has acquired the title of 'L'Osage d'Aquitaine,' from the Parisians. His name is Pierre Chedre Duclos, and his age fifty-six years; his long beard (which would fity grace a pioneer of the Old Guard) is black; he boasts a pair of enormous moustachios; and his dress is the very luxury of misery. A gray, faded, and dirty great coat, torn and with many a rent, which he has worn for years, is fastened round his body by pieces of twine, instead of buttons; his pantaloons, which hang in tatters on his legs, are secured to them by cord; and, by the same means, his shoes are kept upon his feet. This affectation of wretchedness has not arisen, however, from mercenary views, or, by moving pity or exciting compassion, to procure the viler means of existence; but it would seem to be a self-imposed penalty (wherefore, I cannot say, that he dooms himself to be daily exhibited to the sight of his fellow-men in the garb of misery in those very haunts where he was once distinguished as 'the gayest of the gay'—the admired of all observers.' His figure is remarkably fine, and he possesses a noble physiognomy, although his eyes have the expression of deep and settled melancholy. His hands might more than vie for size and delicacy with those of Buonaparte or of Byron; his manners are those of one long used to the best and most refined society; his language is equally forcible and elegant, and his voice melodious. Miserable as he now is, poor Duclos was once the Corypheus of a party; public journals were devoted to his praise; his valour and gallantry were the theme of many a tongue; and his duel, long since, with the celebrated Colonel Fabvier, aroused the interest of the Parisian fair in his favour. He is rich, but refused to receive his rents or use his property; a humble bed is reserved for him at the house of a person named Jolivet, in the Rue Pierre Lescart, for which he daily pays the moderate sum of twenty sous, which he, in the same manner, borrows from different persons, who, under the title of a loan, are disposed to bestow their charity on one they once admired and esteemed. He was lately arrested for the third time, and conducted before the tribunal of Correctional Police, as a vagabond, and, when demanded his reason for the strange habits he had adopted, laconically replied, '*J'use de mon droit de liberté*.' He was discharged; and, on retiring, bowed to the Court with a degree of grace

which those most accustomed to other Courts would find imitate, were it possible.

MADMOISELLE SONTAG.

The following is the sketch of a tale current in Germany respecting that inimitable actress Mademoiselle Henriette Sontag. The explanation may not be difficult to those acquainted with *High Life on the Continent*. Amongst the numerous admirers of Mademoiselle Sontag, a young gentleman presented himself to notice under the modest appellation of Werner. Unknown previously to his many rivals, he preserved his incognito with the object of his flame; but accompanied her every movement, and finally confesses his love, and demands her hand. She inquired if he had his father's consent, whoever that father might be? but her lover, in submitting to the necessity of applying for it, discouraged all hope of its attainment. A concert was given on the day the answer arrived; but that answer was fatal to their wishes, and Mademoiselle Sontag resolves that it shall be her last appearance in public. On the succeeding day an Ambassador at the Court of the Grand Duke in whose territories she resided waited upon her with a declaration of his Highness's passion, and the offer of making her his wife. The actress refuses, but the tenacious Prince offered to abandon the reigns of Government to his brother, and retire to private life, if Mademoiselle Sontag would yet accept his hand. She positively refused to accede to his request, and at the same moment the door opens—his Highness, who had overheard the conversation, enters, and exclaims, 'Then, if thou wilt not be my wife, thou shalt be unto me a daughter.' Werner—her beloved Werner—rushes in—falls at the Prince's feet, and blesses his father for his promise of ensuring their mutual happiness!

The event of this strange history is, that the Grand Duke has insisted on the lapse of a certain period of time to prove the attachment of the lovers, ere they be united; and that Mademoiselle Sontag, like Don Miguel, should travel, to prepare herself for her future elevated station,—that her independent spirit refused the support proffered her by the Prince, which accounts for her yet appearing on the stage; but that she is ever attended in her wanderings by a noble delegate of his Highness, for her protection and assistance.

HENRY HUNT.

Mr. Henry Hunt is in France, and, in the absence of other novelties, has produced a sensation in Paris, nearly equal to what the Cossack once did in London. He is termed there '*Le Sterne Radical*;' and, while he endeavours to render himself prominent to men's notice, his looks, actions, and sayings, are daily recorded, and served up for the amusement of the Parisians. In comparing the capitals of France and England, preference of praise is bestowed upon the former by the look-polishing orator; and the ladies of the *Marché aux Herbes* have been thrown into ecstasies by his unbounded approbation of their *asparagus*, the greatness of their size, and the smallness of their price. His assertion 'that there are more shops deserted and unoccupied in one street of London than in all Paris, Rouen, St. Germain, and Dieppe,' has reconciled to him the political and commercial interest of the French metropolis; and, it is hoped, that he will further gratify the Parisians, by appearing on the stage of the English Theatre!

EXTRAORDINARY EVENT.

A few days since, an actor, generally respected and esteemed, of the name of Michelan, proposed to make a *debut* at the Theatre of Rouen; but, having excited (I know not wherefore) the severity of the pit, he was so much affected by the expression of its disapprobation, that he fell down dead on the stage.

REMARKABLE ARTIST.

One of the candidates at present for the prize in the Prussian Academy of Painting, is a young man named Du Cornet, who was born without arms, and has on each foot but three toes, with which he paints, and excellently well too. He has already gained *two medals* for his former productions.

THE EMPEROR ALEXANDER.

Few Sovereigns knew better the mode of bestowing a favour with delicacy and grace than the Emperor Alexander. When General Kutusov was raised to the dignity of a Prince of the Empire, in recompense for the services he had performed in 1812, the patent, when forwarded to the veteran General, was accompanied by a large diamond taken from the Imperial Crown, in lieu of which a small plate of gold was substituted in the diadem, on which the name of *Kutusov* was engraved.

THE INAUGURATION OF LUCIFER.

The strife is done: and the defeated spirits,
Retreating from the archangelic sword,—
Fast-cleaving with the might that arm inherits
Which was omnipotently for the Lord,—
Approach the bounds of heaven, and thence recoil,
Fearful and quick, and with a wild accord,
As from the verge of the celestial soil,
Convulsion stricken, they now first behold
The abyss beneath them—where, in dark turmoil,
A chaos of past worlds, huge shadows I hold
Their course, unroll'd by order, through the gloom
Of the unfathomable darkness: cold
And blighting airs assail them, and perfume,
As from a wilderness of poison-flowers,
Breathes suffocation o'er the stricken bloom
Of their eternal natures: and fierce showers
Of piercing hail upon their faces beat,
Till their hearts yearn again for heavenly bowers.
And ever and anon a scorching heat—
Scorching, though momentary—lightning-born,
Strikes them with fire, and thunders at their feet,
As from a thousand clouds in tumult torn,
And whirlwinds fiercer than e'er cleit the earth,
Ring dreadful music in their ears forlorn!
They gaze, and turn in terror; but there stirr'd
A power behind them that impels them on,
And their immortal life hath no more worth
Than an immortal sorrow: still as stone
A moment yet they stand; then starting, leap
Into the darkness—not but all alone,
One tarries on the verge of heaven's blue steep;
And his bright sword, the vanquish'd minister
Of his profane rebellion, with a deep
And mutter'd curse, whose blasphemy doth stir
The cherub host, he in the archangel's face
Holds gleaming—'tis the sword of Lucifer,
And he that bears it, Lucifer! 'My place
In heaven, the nearest to the throne of God,
Must henceforth be left vacant; or disgrace
Will wait on him who treads where I have trod;
For I was greatest, and a lesser there,
Though now the first of you accurst abide,
Unto the hosts of heaven will declare
My greater glory: although fall'n, I warr'd
But to be more exalted—and I dare,
Though fallen, combat still; and still will guard
My second station in the universe—
And be the God of Evil!—Thus, debar'd
From heaven, the chief of her rebellious crew
Speaks threatening; and then darts, with gesture wild,
To join his ministers, whom clouds immerse.
Unmoved, in majesty the archangel smiled,
And silent in his sacred glory stood,
Nor deign'd reply: so ever unbeguiled,
When the bad rail, should stand aloof the good.
Then, lo! a barrier of adamant,
Its strength hid in its brightness, which imbued
With twilight the dim chaos, far aslant
Before the empyrean gates was blazing flung,
And shut them thence for ever: and a chaunt
Of choral voices a sweet triumph sung
Celestially, and music of high heaven
Exulting from the arch cerulean rung.
Those angel accents, and that music, given
Forth from ten thousand lyres—that barrier's light
Struck on their ears and eyes, as darkly driven
The rebel spirits warr'd their downward flight:
And then they furl'd their pinions, and look'd up.
As those who journey in a wild by night,
Outworn, and weary, and well nigh to droop,
Gaze fondly on the cheerful taper, shining
In some far cottage window; so that troop
Look'd long, until, the brightness fast declining,
And the sounds heard no more, their wings unfurl'd,
And the King shouted, 'Dastards, that, repining,
Do Heaven an homage, seek me out a world
Wherein the greatest sons of Heaven may dwell,
Proud as the region whence their hosts are hurl'd!
Though fallen, we are eternal, and no quell
Can crush our immortality! Seek—build
Even here our throne, where, all immutable
As he in Heaven, we'll reign. Air shall be fill'd
With our omnipotence—its waste our clime;
And, for our palace, let the clouds be piled!
At the dread mandate of their chief sublime,
Those sinful spirits the great work began
With arduous consentaneous as their crime;
And, in deep silence, where no murmur ran,
Vast airy halls and cloud-wrought pyramids,
Proud towers and temples metropolitan,
Arose towards ether; and angelic lids
From bright eyes flashing wonder, were uplifted
To view each structure (which all sight forbids,
Save an immortal's) start—as air were gifted
With Heaven's self-forming life—the void, erect
And, as the mighty columns rose and shifted
Their place, at will of each proud architect,
The spirit of transcendent light pour'd through
The clouds from heaven, and did around reflect
Her thousand glories: at the radiant view,

Those fallen joy'd; and, with celestial art,
From every beam illustrious beauty drew,—
And starry ornaments on every part
Hung of their air-built palaces; and streaming
(Full veins of brightness, flowing from Light's heart)
From one vast eminence, came splendour—beaming,
As Fire's own soul were there: 'twas the king's throne,
And thereto Lucifer, his high brow gleaming
With an intemperate light, wafted alone:
And on that pinnacle of glory seated,
Survey'd his empire—for the work was done,
And his rebellious legions loud repeated
Dread praise and homage to their still bright king;
And, in oblivion of their pride defeated,
Sang victory and heavenward triumphing!

W.

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

Oxford, May 31.—Saturday, being the last day of Easter Term, the following degrees were conferred:—
Bachelor in Divinity.—The Rev. J. Jones, Fellow of Jesus College.

Bachelor in Civil Law.—Rev. T. V. Bayne, M.A., Scholar of Jesus College, and Head Master of Warrington School.

Masters of Arts.—Rev. J. W. Cary, Rev. G. Price, Magdalen Hall; H. H. Dod, Rev. T. A. Holland, Worcester College; Rev. T. Fogg, St. John's College.

Bachelors of Arts.—E. C. Tufnell, Balliol College, Grand Compounder; B. Simpson, Scholar, R. Fain, H. Smith, Queen's College; J. F. E. Warburton, M. J. Taylor, Brasenose College; A. E. Sketchley, R. Pritchard, Magdalen Hall; W. P. Powell, J. C. Young, Worcester College; J. Pearson, W. R. Ward, J. B. B. Bateman, Balliol College; Right Hon. A. Viscount Acheson, T. P. Bridges, I. H. Pring, Christ Church; E. E. Hughes, J. V. Lloyd, H. R. Thomas, Jesus College; J. L. Brown, T. J. Cartwright, University College; E. J. Phillips, Exeter College; E. Benbow, Pembroke College; L. A. Sharpe, Fellow, O. Philpott, St. John's College.

Wednesday, the first day of Act Term, the Rev. W. T. P. Brymer, M.A. of Trinity College, Cambridge, was admitted *ad eundem*; and the following degrees were conferred:—

Bachelor in Medicine (with Licence to Practise).—J. M. Calvert, Oriel College.

Bachelor in Civil Law.—W. A. Rev, Fellow of St. John's College.

Masters of Arts.—J. E. Denison, Rev. S. Smith, Student, Christ Church, Rev. F. Twyden, Merton College, Grand Compounders; Rev. J. Horsford, W. R. Eigg, Queen's College; Rev. J. Wakefield, St. Edmund Hall; Rev. J. Pugh, Rev. H. Hughes, T. Bevan, Rev. H. Vaughan, Rev. T. Lloyd, Jesus College; Rev. W. Millner, Worcester College; G. J. Penn, H. Labouchere, Christ Church; J. Parry, Fellow, Brasenose College; Rev. C. Floyer, G. D. Tyler, Trinity College; Rev. H. R. Harrison, Lincoln College; Rev. S. Gragg, Magdalen Hall.

Bachelors of Arts.—C. T. Gaskell, Trinity College, Grand Compounder, P. Turner, Pembroke College; R. Rolland, St. Mary Hall; F. H. Hele, W. J. T. Dodgson, H. Moule, Queen's College; T. Sutton, J. R. Redhead, St. Edmund Hall; T. Curme, Worcester College; R. Pennefather, H. C. Smith, C. S. Twisleton, Scholar, R. Scott, Balliol College; J. G. Phillimore, Student, M. W. Ridley, T. C. Whitmore, H. K. Beaumont, R. F. Sawance, Student, Christ Church; R. Trimmer, J. Slade, H. N. Goldney, J. Lawson, St. Alban Hall; W. Harding, University College; J. Hamilton, J. Higgin, T. W. Booth, Brasenose College; J. J. Richardson, Oriel College; J. A. Giles, Scholar, Corpus College; W. Pilkington, J. H. Hughes, Denys, Magdalen College; H. D. Sewell, W. A. Tronchard, J. Purton, Trinity College; F. T. New, St. John's College; J. C. Crowley, R. G. Lewis, T. B. Saunders, Wadham College; G. S. Escott, J. Manisty, Lord Crew's Exhibitioner, Lincoln College; E. E. Villiers, Postmaster, W. Nettleship, Merton College.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

We are informed that the '*Winter's Wreath*, for 1839,' will be published with additional claims to public attention.

An Essay on the Formation of Man, adapted for the perusal of youth, with an Appendix, containing a Chemical Analysis of the Solids and Fluids. By Henry William Dewhurst, Surgeon, Lecturer of Anatomy and Surgery. It will appear in a pocket size.

Preparing for publication, in 4to., '*A Universal Prayer*.' A Poem. By Robert Montgomery; author of '*The Omnipresence of the Deity*,' &c.

Instructions on French Pronunciation, and on the Genders; in the form of a French Vocabulary and Reader. By M. de La Voye, of the E. I. M. Coll., in 4to., is preparing.

Mr. Britton announces that the letter-press to the '*Archæological Antiquities of Normandy*' will be ready for delivery, gratis, to the subscribers on or before the 1st of July; and, also, that some of the copper-plates of '*Robson's Cities*' will be destroyed after 250 large, and 800 small paper, are worked.

Notions of the Americans, by Mr. Cooper, the admired novelist, will appear immediately. In this work, a genuine picture of American life and manners will be given, which, it is supposed, will have the effect of counteracting some of the superficial and erroneous accounts of recent English travellers.

The Bride, a Tragedy, from the pen of Joanna Baillie, the celebrated dramatic poetess, will speedily be published. A work of the greatest interest and importance to Invalids, particularly at the present season of the year, is announced by Dr. Harwood. Its object is to demonstrate the curative influence of the Southern Coast of England; with Observations on Diseases, in which a residence on the Coast is most beneficial.

Mr. Stephenson, the well-known oculist and aurist, has in the press a work (which will, no doubt, be of the greatest practical utility) on Deafness, with an explanation of its causes, and instructions as to its prevention and cure.

Mr. Craufurd's Journal of an Embassy from the Governor-General of India to the Courts of Siam and Cochina China, will include an account of the Geography, Government, Commerce, Religion, Manners and Customs of the Siamese, Cochina-Chinese, &c. &c. It will be immediately published.

LIST OF BOOKS PUBLISHED DURING THE WEEK.

Emma de Liseau, a Narrative of the Striking Vicissitudes and Peculiar Trials of her Eventful Life; with some Information respecting the Religious and Domestic Habits of the Jews, 2 vols., 12mo.

The Lairds of Fife, 3 vols., post 8vo., 11. 4s.

Rev. H. I. Rose's Sermons at Cambridge, new series, 8vo., 8s.

Sweet's Practice of the County Courts, 8vo., 7s.

Italy, a Poem, by Samuel Rogers, part 2, 7s. 6d.

Dialogues on the Sacrament, &c., 5s. 6d.

Heber's Travels in India, second edition, 3 vols., 8vo., 36s.

Ottley's Algebra Exercises, 1s.

William's on Diseases of the Lungs, 8vo., 7s.

Phillips on Indigestion, sixth edition, 8vo., 9s.

The Poetical Works of Thomas Campbell, 3 vols., crown 8vo., 18s.

The Voyages of Captain Popanilla, by the author of 'Vivian Grey,' 1 vol., 8vo., 7s. 6d.

Views of Virginia Waters, part 1, 7s. 6d.

Keith's Evidence of Prophecy, third edition, 12mo., 3s.

Lardner's First Six Books of Elements of Euclid, 1 vol., 8vo., 7s.

Taylor's Historic Survey of German Poetry, vol. 1, 8vo., 15s.

Letters of an Architect from France, Italy, and Greece, by Joseph Wood, F.L.S., &c., 2 vols., 4to., with twenty-one engravings, 41. 4s.

My Early Days, second edition, 18mo., 2s. 6d.

Johnson's Specimens of the Lyric Poets, 24mo., 5s. 6d.

The Betrothed Lovers, translated from the Italian, 3 vols., crown 8vo., 11. 1s.

Faber's Supplement to Difficulties of Romanism, in answer to Bishop of Strasburg, 8vo., 6s.

Watt's Insects in Counsel, 12mo., 2s. 6d.

Woodhouse on the Apocalypse, 8vo., 12s.

Westoby's Helps to Devotion, 12mo., 3s.

Franklin's Second Expedition, 4to., 41. 4s.

Feuser's Ancient and Modern Pocket Atlas, 31s. 6d.

WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

June.	Therm.	Barom.	Winds.	Weather.	Prevailing Cloud.
Mon. 2.58	62°	29.66	W. SW.	Fair. Cl.	Cum. Cir.
Tues. 3.65	61	29.66	S. W.	Do.	Do.
Wed. 4.19	53	29.62	Do.	Rain.	Cum. Nimb.
Thur. 5.05	56½	29.92	W.	Shrs. An.	Do.
Frid. 6.08	57½	29.29	SW. W.	Showers.	Do.
Satur. 7.59	27	29.72	N. W.	Fair. Cl.	Cum. Cir.
Sun. 8.64	62	29.90	NW. W	Fair. Cl.	Do.

Morning fair, except on Wednesday. Nights fair, except on Tuesday and Wednesday. Thunder on Friday.

Highest temperature at noon, 72. S. Asp.

Astronomical Observations.

Venus's geocentric long. on Sunday, at 10 5' in Leo.

Jupiter's ditto ditto 5° 18' in Scorpio.

Saturn's ditto ditto 19° 8' in Cancer.

Sun's ditto ditto 17° 34' in Gemini.

Length of day on Sunday, 15 hours 26 min.; increased 8 hours 42 min.

Sun's hoary motion, 2° 23' plus. Logarithmic num. of distance on Saturday, .906641.

Now ready for Delivery.

Portrait of THOMAS CAMPBELL, Esq.

Engraved in Line by Mr. JOHN BURNET, after a Picture by Sir Thomas Lawrence, P.R.A. Size, 3½ inches by 7 high. French Proofs, 5s.; India Proofs, 6s.

London: Published by Moon, Boys, Graves, (Successors to Hurst, Robinson, and Co.) Printers to the King, 6, Pall Mall, and sold by F. G. Moon, Threadneedle Street.

Of whom may be had, lately published,

Portraits of LADY BAGOT, VISCOUNTS BURGH-ERSH, and LADY FITZROY SOMERSET, (a group), beautifully engraved by J. Thomson, Esq., from the Original Drawing by Sir Thomas Lawrence, P.R.A. Size, 19 inches by 24 high. Prints, 15s.; India Proofs, 31s. 6d.; before Letters, 52s. 6d.

RUSSIAN AND TURKISH CAMPAIGN.

Just published in one volume post 8vo., price 12s. boards,

A NARRATIVE OF A JOURNEY FROM CONSTANTINOPLE TO ENGLAND; With Maps of the Environs of Constantinople, and the Author's Route through the present Seat of War. By the Rev. RICHARD WALSH, L.L.D., M.R.I.A., &c., (late Chaplain to the British Embassy).

'This is a very entertaining and a propos volume.'—*Literary Gazette*.

London: Printed for Westley and Davis, 10, Stationers' Hall Court, and Ave Maria Lane.

Just published in 12mo., third edition, enlarged, price 9s. 6d.,

SURE METHODS OF IMPROVING HEALTH

AND PROLONGING LIFE, by regulating the Diet and Regimen: embracing all the most approved Principles of Health and Longevity, and exhibiting the remarkable power of proper Food, Wine, Air, Exercise, Sleep, Clothing, &c. in the Cure of obstinate Chronic Diseases, as well as in promoting Health and long Life. To which are added, Rules for reducing Corpulence, and Maxims of Health for the Bilious and Nervous, the Consumptive, Men of Letters, and People of Fashion. Illustrated by Cases. By a PHYSICIAN.

'The subject of this book is interesting to every individual in existence; and we are disposed to think it the most useful and rational work of the kind we have met with. It is altogether an admirable Code of Health.'—*Atlas, Sept.*

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